

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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POETRY.

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LOVE'S COLOURS.

Nor violets I gave my love,
That in their life are sweet and rare,
And deep in colour, as the heart
Whose every thought of her is prayer;
For violets grow pale and dry,
And lose the semblance of her eye.

No lily's buds I gave my love,
Though she is white and pure as they;
For they are cold to smell and touch,
And blossom but a single day;
And press'd by love, in love's own page,
They yellow into early age.

But cyclamen I chose to give,
Whose pale white blossoms at the tips
(All else as driven snow) are pink,
And mind me of her perfect lips;
Still till this flower is kept and old
Its worth to love is yet untold.

Old, kept, and kissed, it does not lose
As other flowers the hues they wear;
Love is triumphant, and this bloom
Will never whiten from despair;
Rather it deepens as it lies,
This flower that purples when it dies.

So shall my love, as years roll by,
Take kingly colours for its own;
Sole master of her vanquish'd heart,
Am I not master of a throne?
Crush'd by no foot, nor cast away,
My purple love shall rule the day.

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

Saint Pauls.

MORITURUS!

A SPRING LAMENT.

THE sweet, wild pansies bloom upon the meadows,
The happy sunshine flits in light and shadows,
The song birds, in this sweet spring-tide of flowers,
Wake hope and joyance in the morning hours.

The late hill-snows are melting to the river,
Into the Ocean of the Past for ever;
The Spring grows warm, and I but linger here,
A fluttering leaflet in the fresh, green year.

Yet still the sweet, old beauty sets one yearning —
Almost I feel the lusty life returning;
And fain would sing, swan-like, ere yet I die,
One last, low note of lingering melody.

The bright birds round my casement-pane beguiling
The hours in grateful indolence — the smiling
Bursts of sunshine, as they come and go,
Warm my chill heart with an ecstatic glow.

Oh! to be up, and staff in hand a-roaming
My heathy hills from morning-tide till gloaming!
Oh! for another stroll in this sweet Spring,
That mocks me thus with its glad welcoming!

Must it be so — that this young hour of dreaming,
That this sweet snatch of Paradise unseeming,
A living hope in every transient breath,
Must melt into the shadow-land of death?

I leave my sunshine and my golden shadows —
I feel the darkness of the coming madoes;
The good, sweet company I loved of yore
Fades fastly from me now, for evermore.

And this is life, and this a poet's yearning.
Is it, ye gifted, worth such passionate earning?
Still, the great heart, the noble voice shall give
A watchword to the younger ones that live.

Bloom, my sweet meadows! — Ring, my loved
Spring voices!

Oh, blessed earth! wherein one heart rejoices;
The passing soul, in thy glad welcoming,
Sees but the dawning of the Eternal Spring!

Once a Week.

EVENING.

GOLD-FRINGED are the banks of violet cloud,
The heavens' imperial purple: and the sun
Shows through their gorgeous mazes, half-obscured,
Yet gathering grandeur from his hidden might,
As Beauty shines more powerful half-veiled,
Than when 'tis all revealed.

From yon white thorn
The blackcap runs the gamut of his song,
With rival nightingale, the blackbird pipes
From cherry bough, and, from the spruce, the thrush
Joins the blithe evening choir. The apple-blossoms
Are scattered roseate o'er the orchard lands;
The white-robed pear, the sweet-breathed damasceene,
Weighed down with blossomed fragrance, sprinkle snow
Upon the daisied grass. The buttercups
With golden buttons, gem the homestead mead,
And pale blue squills glint 'neath the tangled wealth
Of fern and bramble. Home the milkmaid trips,
Quick, with sweet-scented pail.

The twilight shades
Merge into mellow gloaming, and the sky
Its purple glories lost, to crimson turns,
And paling then to amber, sinks in night!

All The Year Round.

From The North British Review.
MR. TENNYSON'S POETRY.

MR. TENNYSON deserves an especial study, not only as a poet, but as a leader and a landmark of popular thought and feeling. As a poet, he belongs to the highest category of English writers; for poetry is the strongest and most vigorous branch of English literature. In this literature his works are evidently destined to secure a permanent place; for they express, in language refined and artistic, but not unfamiliar, a large segment of the popular thought of the period over which they range. He has also a clearly marked if not strongly individualized style, which has served as a model for imitators, and as a starting-point for poets who have sought to improve upon it. Moreover, his own poetical development is capable of being ascertained by a chronological examination of his poems, and, when ascertained, affords material for a psychological study of some interest. Here are points more than sufficient to constitute the subject-matter of a voluminous criticism of his works.

He began publishing in 1830, at the age of twenty. It was a time of great political as well as religious agitation. There were ideas in the air which entered variously into combination, and formed distinct products. The two great English Universities were, in the main, differently affected by these ideas. In both of them the spiritual revival of the early part of the nineteenth century was strong against the materialism of the eighteenth. But at Cambridge these ideas were combined with a kind of liberalism which at Oxford was abhorred and abjured. Mr. Tennyson is a Cambridge man; and it is plain that his ideas were influenced by his University. But his poetic development was later than that of the poet who embodied the Oxonian idea, and who published *The Christian Year* in 1827. Keble, however narrow as a theologian, as a poet was wide enough in his sympathies: he lighted his torch from the fire of Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey. Under their inspiration he knew how to dispose of his classical knowledge, his Hebraic faith, and his familiarity with nature. In his poetry the

poet eclipsed the divine; but as a poet he had much to teach which was semi-theological in its aspect, and was capable of giving a tone to a school of divines. Take, for instance, what may be called his natural sacramentalism, founded on the opinion that the visible universe is the counterpart of the invisible, and that the seen is both the hieroglyphic which reveals and the veil which conceals the unseen—revealing by its significance, concealing by its substituting one thing for another. Then again this doctrine, which favours the idea that the visible and tangible world is mainly significant of the invisible, tends to the further doctrine that, if not absolutely in themselves, at least in comparison with the transcendent reality of the invisible world, all material phenomena are unreal. This again is connected with the doctrine that the true forces of the universe are not the gross and brutal energies which can be measured by their visible effects, but those subtle unseen powers which seem to be ridden over in the furious charges of material forces, but emerge fresh and unhurt, in all their former persistence, after the tempest has subsided; and that gentle and divine force underlies the visible works of nature, and manifests itself not less completely, and much more persistently, in the commonest natural phenomena, than in the passing cataclysms which sometimes interrupt the settled course of things. It is in weakness that this divine force manifests its strength. The great operations of the universe are accomplished not by main force, but little by little, by patience and slow growth. These ideas are of course not original in Keble. Mr. Tennyson may have got them from a common stock whence Keble had drawn them first; but the adoption of the same course of thought places the two poets in one line, in which the earlier writer has of course the precedence.

The three points mentioned—the natural sacramentalism, the unreality of all visible things, and the slow, gentle, gradual operation of all that is really strong—are ideas which were assimilated and harmonized at Oxford into a very different system from that which Mr. Tennyson

represents. At Oxford they joined with the dogmatic principle, and with the abjuration of liberalism. In Mr. Tennyson we may almost reverse the formula, and say that they were united with liberalism and the abjuration of dogma. These two differences, in the conflicts of the day, outweighed the more numerous points of agreement; and Mr. Tennyson was generally classed among, and regarded with the same feelings as, the opponents of Oxford thought. But enough time has already passed to allow the similarities and differences to be seen in their true perspective; and Mr. Tennyson exhibits a real expression and representation of the forces which dominated in the academical mind of England from 1830 to 1840. In common with some of his leading contemporaries, he saw all things as if they were but a mystical veil of that which could not be seen. The outer world of nature and of man was for him the manifestation of a reality greater than itself. Nature was a parable. Greek poets and wise men were seers in whom a spirit greater than their own spoke. The outward framework which concealed the living truth was not intended to last, and would be found to melt into a dream before the analytic contemplation of the right-minded thinker. In looking at a pebble, a flower, or a worm, something far beneath him in the scale of existence, he would nevertheless discover behind them the presence of some hidden and powerful being who was secretly fashioning them, and giving them their order, their grace, and their meaning; and it would be in these quiet nooks of nature, in the flower and leaf, and in those human creatures whom we naturally compare to flowers for their bloom, or their beauty, or their fragility, rather than in coarser and bigger masses, that such a man would look for the mystery of power.

All this, in Mr. Tennyson's later works, is combined with a religiosity, not to say a religion, with which it fits very harmoniously. He seems content that it should be called, nay he himself calls it, "the higher Pantheism;" but he mixes it with tenets concerning the eternal persistence of separate personalities, which are entirely inconsistent with real pantheism. It

does not seem that his pantheism extends farther than dashing his Christianity with universalism. But though, since 1850, when he published "In Memoriam," he has appeared as a moral and religious teacher, it is by no means clear that he originally adopted these three points because they chimed in with any religious theory; rather, it seems that they harmonized with his ethical bias, his tone of thought, and his æsthetic nature. In themselves, they are just as susceptible of a merely æsthetic as of a religious application. The painter can give to nature a meaning which the unartistic eye could not discover; the sculptor may solidify the aerial act, freeze up the liquid mobility of the instantaneous energy, and prolong the passing now into the indefinite ever. And every creative and artistic mind goes through some phase or other wherein these fixed and still images take the place of the nimble and flashing thought which it is the highest achievement of artistic genius to embody. According to Wordsworth, there is a period in the poet's life when the images of nature supply to him the place of thought, of sentiment, and almost of action, when the cataract haunts him like a passion, and colours and forms are "an appetite, a feeling, and a love." But this direct importation into poetical language of images from nature in order to suggest novel trains of thought, sentiment, and action, is not, as Wordsworth seems to consider, proper to the immature youth of the poet alone: it is commonly set down as one great characteristic of the Lake school. In this school Mr. Tennyson attained his poetic education; but in his earlier poems we do not find this peculiarity of the Lake poets in its simplicity. For his images are generally not derived directly from nature, with which its acquaintance was then only superficial, but from nature viewed through the medium of one of the plastic arts. He did not originally contemplate nature at first-hand, but as it were in the studios of other artists. It was not so much nature as art that was his ideal. He belongs, in principle, to that band of artists who went to Rome in the early part of the century, resolved

that, to paint like Raffaele, they must work upon the artistic models from which he started, in hope that the premisses which led him to his conclusion might lead them to a similar one. In general, he seems to have accepted Wordsworth's description of the office and work of the imagination. Imagination, as distinguished from fancy, is, according to Wordsworth, abhorrent of definite form; it extracts all the stiffness, rigidity, solidity, reality, from objects, and reduces them to misty, grandiose, looming phantoms, instead of tangible and measurable things. There is a double process by which this may be done — the poet's and the painter's. Words reach farther than pencillings; passing sounds paint action more energetically than fixed forms and colours. The poet who goes direct to nature and man may body forth in words as energetic as the act itself the action of the forces which he portrays; but another poet may prefer to take nature at second-hand from the painter or sculptor, or rather to pass his views of nature through a sculptor's or painter's medium, and then his imagination will have a peculiar character which may be called, perhaps, sculpturesque. It will be characterized by a stillness like that of a picture. Momentary acts will not come instantaneously across his horizon, to be noted for a moment, and then to pass. But the instantaneous posture will be caught and fixed, as in the gladiator of the Louvre; the rapid spring will be arrested in mid bound; and the lightning energy will stand for ever motionless, not as an act, but as a thing. All the images which Wordsworth adduces in his famous preface as instances of imagination have this characteristic, which he very likely considered to be essential to what he called "enthusiastic and meditative Imagination, as contradistinguished from human and dramatic Imagination." All these images seize and fix an action by depriving it of its energy, or stick a thing to the paper by pressing out its solidity and reducing it to a superficies. Thus we have Milton's comparison of the flying fiend to a fleet *hanging* in the clouds, and Wordsworth's own lines about the dove *brooding* over his own voice which is *buried*

among trees, about the doubt whether the cuckoo is a bird but a *wandering voice*, and about the old Cumberland beggar, who is compared first to a huge stone lying "like a sea-beast crawled forth," and then to a cloud which "moveth altogether if it move at all."

The sculpturesque phase of imagination thus adumbrated by Wordsworth became a characteristic of Mr. Tennyson's youthful poetry. Throughout his poems published in 1830 we find action reduced to dreams, and motions to pictures, or rather unliving photographs of life. His tendency is to translate all moods of minds into natural images or landscapes. Even his metaphysic becomes pictorial. The "Ode to Memory" accounts for the vividness of childish recollections by saying that it is the pride taken by the artist Memory in the first picture she painted. And at this time of his life Mr. Tennyson's memory was a picture-gallery, not a stage whereon former acts were performed anew. His "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" are all of this kind. The life is taken out of the tales, and only the painted vase left which once contained the volatile essence. There is no motion in these recollections; all is still life — idle trees with a lazy boat on gurgling waters, floating, without oarsmen or helmsman, and bringing its passenger into the presence of a painted Scherazade and a wooden and spangled Arour Alraschid. A like dreamy unreality characterizes all those early poems. "Adeline," the "mystery of mysteries," with her dim looks, holds converse only with roses and butterflies, who whisper wisdom to her brain. In a similar strain, "The Dirge" counsels a dead man to be careless of his detractor's raving, because flowers and bees and lights and shadows flit over his grave. In such a mood of mind it would seem a sufficient reply to any grave question to say that you saw a shooting star, or heard a skylark, or smelt a rose. The fine ballad of "Oriana" contains the noble line — where action is so characteristically suspended and woe drawn out to illimitable length — "O breaking heart that will not break;" but it ends with the lines:

"I dare not die and come to thee, Oriana,
I hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana."

Naturally enough the roaring of the sea may connect itself with any mood of mind — with fear of death, or with determination to die — for passion assimilates sensation, and translates it into its own fibre. But then the sensation comes first, and the passion interprets it, as in the beginning of *Hamlet*: — "'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart." It is quite otherwise when the passion is interpreted by the sensation, and terror of death accounted for and justified by the fact that the man hears the waves roaring. This is a phantastic, not an imaginative or passionate, logic, learned not by direct observation of nature, but in the studio of the theoretical artist. It is in fact an affectation learned from the Lakists, often very irritating to a reader who is impatient of puerilities. To make all the horrors of the ancient mariner the penalty of shooting an albatross is bad enough. But in that case there exists an analogy between the deed and the penalty; the deed may be taken as a symbol of cruelty, and treated as the sample of a mass of like acts which in the aggregate deserve all that the mariner has to endure. But there is no such analogy to be found in the frequent cases where the Lake poets refer inquirers about the deepest questions of the soul and reason to the daisy or the robin-redbreast. They may declare that there are wrapt up in flowers and birds "thoughts too deep for tears;" but, as the symbol has no constant relation with the thought, it must suggest a different thought to every thinker, and so fail if an attempt is made to use it as an expression of common thought in common language. But there were several causes which made the attempt popular when Mr. Tennyson began to write. Poetical instincts were wearied with the evaporated metaphors and stale images which had become the conventional alphabet of poetical speech; and it was a relief to see the Lakists striving to work out a new alphabet from the inexhaustible hieroglyphics of nature, to give a definite meaning to the vague language of flowers and birds, and to reduce it to recognized and measured harmonies of passion and feeling. Then again, poetical instincts were satiated with the melodramatic energy of Byron. In this respect there is an analogy between the enthusiastic meditative symbolism of the Lakists and the resolution of the school of Overbeck, in its reaction against the muscularity and energy traceable to the schools of Michel

Angelo, Raffaele, and Rubens, to find all conceivable expression beneath the calm immobility of Beato Angelico da Fiesole. Again, it has been already pointed out that the consideration of nature as a parable was a prominent feature in the religious revival of forty years ago. Ideas were then rising and becoming popular which the Lake school had preached to audiences, fit perhaps, but few. The tone of the eighteenth century and of Byron was losing ground. The middle ages were preferred to the classic times seen through the French atmospheres of Louis XIV. or the Revolution. Mediæval art and its principles were in the ascendant. The spirit of wonder was cultivated even to affectation. No one could guess the infinite possibilities which slumbered behind even the infinitesimal atom. The commonplace was transformed into matter of marvel; and the wonderful element was even more abundant in the ordinary occurrences of life than in its rare catastrophes.

When Mr. Tennyson began to publish he was thoroughly imbued with these sympathies. And, as the habit of looking at nature as at a chain of petty miracles is not very conducive to a generally accurate observation of her functions, it is not surprising if his earliest poems contain rather the mystical and magic view of nature than its sober and truthful transcription. The verses on "The Merman" and "The Mermaid" are cases in point. There is no concentrated effort to realize the watery medium in which those beings reside. They seem as dry and bright as if they dwelt in the Sahara. Nay, we are even told of

"All the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea."

Among these early poems there is one, "Mariana in the Moated Grange," which is both perfectly musical and perfectly natural. But the nature is the loneliness of the foggy fen. It is the stillest life that can be called life at all. Like Mr. Browning's "Childe Roland," it is founded on a hint of Shakespeare, who gives the pregnant title, and leaves to the succeeding poet the task of bringing out the latent possibilities of the idea he had darkly hinted. Even these early poems show an intelligent appreciation of the great dramatist astonishing in one so young. Not only are whole poems, such as "Mariana" and the two owl songs founded on Shakespeare's hints, but his influence may be traced in many a subtle touch throughout the poems. When he was only twenty

years old, Mr. Tennyson had learned a secret which Wordsworth never could master—the secret of finding a neat image which enabled him to express a whole sentence in a couple of words. He had made himself a master in the art of creating epigrammatic language. Thus nothing can be neater than the lines:

"Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws
Distilled from some worm-cankered homily."

An example of how the two poets respectively treat an image of nature may be here adduced, though the instance is not taken from Mr. Tennyson's earliest poems. Wordsworth, in his "Waggoner," describing the tugging horses, says:

"And the smoke and respiration
Rising like an exaltation
Blend with the mist, a moving shroud,
To form an undissolving cloud."

Compare this with Mr. Tennyson's picture of Sir Bevidere in the "Morte d'Arthur":

"But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills."

Whether it is quite natural that the vapour should cling like a garment round one so swiftly moving may be questioned: what is unquestionable is that in the four words, "clothed with his breath," is compressed the whole picture which Wordsworth spends four lines on. And this gives a characteristic of Mr. Tennyson from his earliest times: he was not content, like Wordsworth, to describe in the first perspicuous words which came to hand the natural image which he intended to describe; but he laboured at his words as well as his ideas; he studied the art of musical expression, of moulding sound to sense, of terse speaking, of finding the handiest image, perhaps even more profoundly than he studied the art of importing new ideas and images from nature. Doubtless this came from a close study of the poets. In reading lines like

"He trod on silk, as if the wind
Blew his own praises in his eyes,"

it is easy to see what age of poetical literature had impressed him. Again, in his lines on "The Poet's Mind" it is obvious that he speaks as Shelley had prompted him. The extravagant description of the almighty seer, so tame in its very extravagance, is clearly an idea adopted, not self-evolved; and his defiance to the critic

who cannot fathom the poet's mind, and in whose presence the birds cease to sing and the fountains to play, is simply a puerile conventionality.

Two years later, in 1832, a number of fresh poems were published. The first is "The Lady of Shalott," which gives the earliest indication of the bent of Mr. Tennyson's inclinations to the cycle of Arthurian legends. But this epic material had not yet awaked him to the love of action. His poetical attitude in these poems is essentially the same as in the earlier: dreaming is substituted for living, and thought is a trance. The poems even become monotonous through this cause. There is hardly one in which an exaggerated repose does not become a frost to numb the poetry. "The Lady of Shalott" may be taken as a type of the poet himself. As long as she sits at her embroidery frame, seeing in her mirror what is passing beyond her windows, and copying what she sees in her web, she lives; when she runs to the window to see life, not in its reflection but in its reality, the curse overwhelms her, and she dies. Life in a trance, or life fading away into death, or wearing itself out in monotonous and dreary expectation—these are the farrago of the little book of 1832. There is a repetition of the lonely Mariana, no longer finding the appropriate scene of her desconsolate solitude in the dreary northern fen, but in the lazy tedium of a hot Italian Castello. If "Eleanore" recalls the manner of Shelley, it also contains some lines typical of Mr. Tennyson. Thus:

"In thee all passion becomes passionless,
Touched by thy spirit's mellowness,
Losing his fire and active might;"

and again, the description of his own love:

"A languid fire creeps
Through my veins to all my frame
Dissolvingly and slowly."

"I would be dying evermore."

In fact "Eleanore" contains a very lexicon of phrases and images to express the dying fall of the mesmerized spirit, half consciously entering into its trance. "The Miller's Daughter," in many respects a charming idyll, is a kindly recital by some John Anderson to his old wife, over their wine and walnuts after dinner, of how he came to woo and win her. Here, besides the dreamy nature of the story itself, there is the additional dreaminess of its reflection in the old man's memory. He remembers himself as a boy who

"Had no motion of my own
Before I dreamed that pleasant dream"

of love, which just gave him energy enough to gain his bride. But long before the time of the narration he has relapsed into his old trance; and his only wish is that he and his wife may die both together, and that till then things may remain as they are, without any change:

"Untouched by any shade of years
May those kind eyes for ever dwell."

If the love in "Fatima" is of a different kind, fast and furious, yet there is a central calm in the midst of the movement, which is the ultimate goal to which her passion tends:

"I will possess him or will die,
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die, looking on his face,
Die, dying clasped in his embrace."

All the hurry and violence is simply the greater eagerness with which the blessed Nirwana is pursued. In "Ænone" the contrast between the fiery love within and the outward stillness of nature, which gradually subdues the inward flame and extinguishes its violence, is pursued. In this poem Mr. Tennyson first gave proof of his mastery over the music of blank verse and of that marked individuality in it which makes his ring almost as easily recognized as that of Milton. But it is remarkable how the dominant stillness is here also made to invade everything. Nature is subdued by it:

"The swimming vapour slopes athwart the
glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to
pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn."

Ænone herself is subject to its control:

"round her neck
Floated her hair, or seemed to float in rest."

Even Juno, promising Paris the highest prizes of ambition if he decides in her favour, has nothing greater to promise than power which brings not work but repose:

"men in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attained
Rest in a quiet place, and quiet seats."

Ænone seems to formulate the whole idea of the poem, the unquiet mind subdued by nature's rest, in the lines:

"Fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me more and
more
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear"

Dead sounds at night come from the inmost
hills
Like footsteps upon wool."

What Falstaff would call the "damnable iteration" of the invocation "O Mother Ida" recalls the lines in *The Miller's Daughter* where the narrator, to exhibit the dreaminess of his youth, relates how he was haunted by

"the phantom of a silent song
With weary sameness in the rhymes."

The repetition certainly gives the idea of a mechanical and involuntary dream, as if the action were sleep-walking, and as if all motion were congealing under our eyes, and the subtle legend crystallizing in the multitudinous and monotonous needles of a frozen mass. In "The Sisters" murderous hate assumes the form of love, to charm its victim into his last sleep; while "The Palace of Art" admits us at once to the secrets of the youthful poet's idealisms. The pictures it draws, with one exception—that of the angry sea, which however in its rocking motion is not incompatible with the cradle and with sleep—are all of subjects such as have already been described. The solitary

"Who paced for ever in a glimmering land
Lit with a large low moon,"

the maid-mother sitting smiling by a crucifix, St. Cecilia asleep with an angel looking at her, the wounded Arthur dozing in Avalon and watched by weeping Queens, Numa waiting for Egeria, are all pictures where life is set at rest and the quick pulse suspended. The moral purpose of the poem is to show that art cannot supply the lack of religion. It remains, however, that the poet's ideal of art is stillness and repose. He criticises not art as he conceives it, but the immoral usurpation of art over faith and conscience. The poem therefore furnishes no evidence that, when it was written, he had discovered, or begun to suspect, the insufficiency of his ideal.

His ideal however is one which, by the nature of the case, is capable of any amount of pathos. For it prizes suffering above acting, enduring above inflicting; and it treats pride and wickedness rather as the symptoms of a diseased and wasted heart, than as direct results of an evil strength and voluntary activity. It is impossible to conceive Mr. Tennyson spontaneously setting himself to create a character like Milton's Satan or Byron's Cain. If it were not for a profound sympathy with Milton's workmanship and imagery,

he would be more apt, on ethical grounds, to call the *Paradise Lost*, with Collier, "that cursed farce, in which the devil is the hero." He only represents evil as a pitiable weakness; he refuses to it, not only in its beginning and end, but also in its middle and its immediate operations, any real element of strength. Thus in "*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*" the cold pride of the aristocratic jilt is made rather a sickness than a crime:

"In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time
You needs must play such pranks as these."

The three poems, "*The May Queen*," "*New Year's Eve*," and "*Conclusion*," are three touching pictures of the young girl asking her mother to call her early for she is to be Queen of the May, and again to call her early because she wants to see the sun rise on the last New Year she will ever behold, and again, just before death, relating her experiences to her mother. They are poems of exquisite pathos. In the first, the anticipation of the maddest and merriest day of the year comes through the medium of night: it is not the frolic itself, but the waking dream of it, which the poet gives. In the second, the girl, half purified and half resigned, still clings to earth, and cannot be content to go till she has seen the snowdrop. In the last she quits life's feast, *uti conviva satur*, who has seen not only the snowdrop but the violet, and has nothing more to desire in life. This poem presents in its most touching form the mediæval and mystic notion of death as the deliverer, the sanctifier, the great artist who first subdues the gay colours of life, and then gilds its sombre tints, and crowns it with a nimbus.

In "*The Lotos-Eaters*" the artistic ideal of the young poet found its most finished expression and its culminating point. Here he seems to have attained a consciousness that beyond the ideal which he had adopted there is another, larger, grander, and more satisfying. And he makes this perfect manifestation of his own ideal a self-condemning criticism upon it. Nowhere else perhaps in the range of poetry is the trance of a listless life so harmoniously married to appropriate melodies and appropriate accompaniments. The method by which the effect is attained is a *tour de force*, somewhat akin to Gainsborough's audacity in painting his blue boy contrary to the received axioms of pictorial combinations. The lines describing the land

"In which it seemed always afternoon —
All round the coast the languid air did
 swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream,
Full faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke the slender
 stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause, and fall did
 seem,"

show to demonstration that poetry has a province where it is no blemish but a beauty and congruity when

"a needless Alexandrine ends the song.
When expletives their feeble aid do join
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,"
and when even the verses

"ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes."

But if the more special rules are set at nought in these poems of Mr. Tennyson's, at least he gives a brilliant example of the wider and more general axiom:

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

In the two lines immediately succeeding those already quoted from "*The Lotos-Eaters*," there is an image which may be taken as typical of the kind of imagery which the poet's ideal requires:

"A land of streams! some, like a downward
 smoke
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go."

In a poem which had not the special drift of "*The Lotos-Eaters*," this image would be open to the criticism that it halted behind nature with the clumsy contrivance of the theatrical scene-painter, instead of attempting to overtake her with the nimbleness of thought and thought-executing words. The lawn veil is precisely the scene-shifter's contrivance for representing mists or darkness or spray. But the whole art of Mr. Tennyson, in this early stage at least, lies in his rendering of nature at two removes; his poems are a translation of a translation. The scene is first in idea reduced to a picture; and then the picture, not the scene, is the immediate object of the poetical description. The views of nature are artificial, and not unsophisticated; and the art is concealed by the affectation of dreaminess. For the dream is a representation analogous to artistic representation in everything but its spontaneousness. Art without contrivance or design would be undistinguishable from the imagery of a dream. The suggestion of a dream removes, therefore, the suspicion of the cut-and-dry pedantry which makes up the

gravamen of artificiality and affectation. The lines of the poem where the ideal it presents is criticised and condemned are those which, after extolling the sweetness of lying, with dropt eyelids,

"To watch the long bright river drawing slowly

His waters from the purple hill,"

announce (ironically on the poet's part) the practical conclusion :

"We have had enough of action, and of motion
we

Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than
toil."

Andrew Marvell made his shepherds anticipate an Elysium where

"There always is a rising sun,
And day is ever but begun."

This is perhaps the natural idea : Mr. Tennyson's dream is redolent of the fumes of opium.

The somewhat extended poem, "A Dream of Fair Women," while it aims at the pathetic purpose of exhibiting

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death,"

is obliged, by the necessities of its machinery, to strike the same monotonous chord of somnambulism and quietism :

"There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Nor any song of bird, or sound of rill,
The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Poured back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been."

In all these poems, as in dreams, man is the plaything of circumstances, the victim of accidents, sensations, and images, instead of a creative spirit subduing circumstances to his own will. He is a being of growth and development, not of self-determining energy. In speaking of nature, the copula in the propositions of the poet is not "becomes" but "is." And as he falls behind fact instead of outstripping it, in his natural contemplation, by reducing the motion of vegetative life and mechanical force to mere stationary existence, so his verb for man is "becomes" not "does." His characters do not act: they grow. They feel; and their feelings change them. But they do not preside over their own changes or show themselves lords of their own actions. Hence they are not characters: they are personified feelings. The dramatic element is entirely wanting in them.

The poems of 1832 conclude with a few political pieces, in which the political principles stand in the closest relations to the ethical and artistic principles which we have found in the poetry. In politics, Mr. Tennyson recommends the same statuesque attitude which he gives to the characters of his poems. His ideal citizen holds off and watches events, and interferes but rarely. Though he watches them not as a critic, but as a sympathizer, nevertheless the work of interference is too rough for him. As a cultured man, he feels shut out from political movements whose tendency he approves, because of the collision between his refinement and the rude energies of the active politicians. He justifies his liberalism by his undoubting faith in the goodness of the actual and present agents in that fermentation. He believes that "the braggart shout for some blind glimpse of freedom works itself, through madness, hated by the wise, to law, system, and Empire." So he may, as a philosopher, approve the madness which as a man he loathes. He likes democracy, but not democrats. Mr. N. P. Willis used to say that the perfection of good fortune was to be an American and to live with Englishmen. If Mr. Tennyson was ever (for foreign lands) a theoretical revolutionist, at any rate he would have nothing to do with revolutions. The justification of this apparently pusillanimous abstention from the whirl of politics is the notion that the political changes come to pass not so much by the efforts of individuals as by a kind of natural force,

"A motion toiling in the gloom;
The spirit of the years to come;

and that the attempts of men to influence and guide the course of events, result, as often as not, in bringing about just what they do not wish :

"He that roars for liberty,
Faster binds a tyrant's power,
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour."

Hence, as man's moral nature is supposed to grow almost independently of his acts, so is the constitution of States supposed to grow by a kind of vegetative process. Accordingly the politician, as painted by Mr. Tennyson in 1832, is rather a contemplative than a man of action. At least his endurance is infinite, whereas his action,

though decisive, is rare indeed. He speaks his one word, deals his one blow; and all is over. He loves the good of each side, and is impartial, and only

"If some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

His is a literary and critical view of politics, hopelessly inadequate for any practical purpose. It was however a view which in 1832 many thoughtful men took. With half sympathy, half aversion, they supposed themselves to be assisting at the flood of democracy, which was to destroy barbarism, but in the process also to overwhelm the highest culture and to reduce the nations to a level of moderate ideas and average happiness. Men of culture who held with Tocqueville that the rising tide was, on the whole, fraught with salutary promise, yet mourned over the prospects of refinement and the delicate ornaments of civilization which they thought would be rolled into shapeless shingle by the waves. Mr. Tennyson, at the age of twenty-two, seems to have been impressed with this view, though he had hopes for England that she would not be subject to the common law of less exceptional nations.

The next batch of poems was published in 1842. In these ten years the poet had outgrown much of the exaggeration of his earlier period, and was giving indications of many modifications and improvements in his style. But his mind was in a state less complete, less satisfied with the limit it had attained, than it had been in 1830 and 1832. Hence the new volume contained no poem (except "Locksley Hall") which in completeness and perfection after its kind could be compared to the best of the earlier compositions. As a whole, the new poems are more interesting as indications of the poet's course, of the direction of his progress, than as beacons set up to mark the farthest limits of that progress in its several directions. They consist largely of fragments of blank verse, used in several ways for epic, idyllic, satirical, lyrical, in fact anything but dramatic, poetry. Yet there seem to be a kind of blind intention to be dramatic, testified by the way in which the poet attributes many of the fragments to others, as if they, not he, had written them to express thoughts not his own. But there seems to be no inherent quality in any of these poems to furnish a plausible pretext for this pretended disclaimer of their authorship. Their manner, their sentiments, their thoughts, are all Tennysonian. It may be

that the poet was sounding his own dramatic depth; it may be that he had formed the design of writing an epic poem on King Arthur in detached fragments, and had thought of connecting them by some machinery similar to Chaucer's in the *Canterbury Tales*. At any rate, he puts several of his fragments into alien months, and thereby gains an opportunity, like Chaucer, of embodying in the prologues to them some charming realistic, and often playful and even humorous, sketches of modern life. Already these prologues are of greater interest than the more laboured exercises which they introduce. Future times will perhaps see in them some of Mr. Tennyson's most characteristic and most valuable productions. As might be expected, the mental characteristics of the poems of 1842 are on the whole those of the poems of 1830 and 1832. The poet's mind was too well rounded off, too well furnished, at the earlier period, to admit anything contradictory to its main principles. It is hard to get more into a mind already full. Mr. Tennyson had not obeyed the good rule, never to tell men one truth till you can tell them two. He had consequently become the champion of one idea, which occupied and still occupies almost the whole of his mind. He formed his ideal of life so exclusively on the notion of man floating helplessly down the stream of time, and dreamily reposing on the bosom of Fate, that he has found it hard to give any just picture of human activity and voluntary effort. He is a master of pathos, of the representation of endurance, but not of dramatic energy.

The first of the poems of 1842, purporting to be the eleventh out of twelve cantos of an epic on Arthur, written, and with this exception destroyed, by one Everard Hall, is introduced by a short prologue. It has two titles—"The Epic," and "Morte d'Arthur." The prologue is perhaps a "prelude of disparagement," indicated by the authorship shuffled off to other shoulders, by the confession that in these days an epic poem is an anachronism—

"For nature brings not back the Mastodon,
Nor we those times; and why should any
man
Remodel models?"—

and by the production of a mere fragment as a sample instead of waiting till a completer quantity might be delivered. The epic itself is what, sixteen years afterwards, the poet would have called an idyll; and in fact he has at last repub-

lished it with his idylls. Doubtless the whole story of Arthur, with its violence and catastrophes, is epic enough in possibility; but in this canto the poet gives an idyllic fragment, describing processes and appearances instead of acts and characters, manners and sentiments instead of resolutions which have their effect on life. The wounded Arthur commands Sir Bevidere to restore the sword Excalibur, which had been given him by the arm "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," emerging from the lake. Then follows Sir Bevidere's temptation, and, lastly, his bearing the king on his shoulders, and depositing him in the fairy barge to be carried to Avalon. It is a piece of an epic, which is not epic but idyllic—a dreamy, sentimental, magical episode of the energetic story of the Round Table.

"The Gardener's Daughter" is another idyll, but of a pastoral character, of two painters and their two loves. The narrator cannot be said to make love; love is borne in upon him as a sensation. He is made happy by circumstance. The dreamy character of the poem is kept up by the nature of the love described. It is a desire which attains its object without means. No doubt it is a true description of the feelings of youth, whose solecism, as Bacon says, is to will the end without the means:

"Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfilled itself
Merged in completion?"

The contagion of love is a real instance of the desire fulfilling itself; and the selection of the subject proves nothing about the poet's views. But his generalization, that like love "all strongest hopes" fulfil themselves by their own energy, is a touch too characteristic to be passed over.

"Dora" is another idyll in another form. It is a pathetic and domestic story, such as reached its greatest development nearly a quarter of a century later in "Enoch Arden." These little stories are such as might serve for touching chapters in some fresh tales of *Our Village* by a new and improved Miss Mitford. They are of perilous precedent; for they are only too imitable, so far as pathos goes, by writers who make it their business to milk the public for tears. But it would be difficult to copy the jewelry of Mr. Tennyson's diction, or the casket of melody in which he sets it. These pieces are true idylls, highly finished little monographs, specialties of narration, in which the poet demon-

strates, by the logic of fact, that pastoral life is not of the essence of this kind of poem, but that it can be applied to any subject which may be surveyed through a peaceful medium, in any way analogous to the shepherd's dreamy meditation.

"Audley Court" and the "Golden Year" are other instances of the tentative nature of these poems. They are only frame-works for songs, in which the capacity of blank verse to serve for lyrical poetry is sounded and proved. The experience here acquired was afterwards turned to excellent account in "The Princess." The settings of the songs are real idylls, of not much importance. Again, "Walking to the Mail" is an attempt to put satire into the idyllic form. The matter of the poem, like that of "Locksley Hall," concerns the socialistic questions agitated at the time, and so far is a prelude to "Maud." "Edwin Morris" is another idyll belonging to the same category. It is aimed against that great ungear of English romance-writers, humorists, and poets, the habit of allowing considerations of money and family to thwart love-matches, and satirizes

"him
That was a god, and is a lawyer's clerk,
The rent-roll Cupid of our rainy isles."

The next idyll, "Love and Duty," is of another kind; it is a meditation on the fruits which the mind gathers from a love which ends because duty forbids its continuance. The philosophy of the poem is that which the poet afterwards so tersely expressed in the stanza:—

"God gives us love, something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off, and love is left alone."

The poem, though philosophic in intention, is idyllic, because the philosophy is pictorial, and the exposition of it is therefore descriptive, not didactic. The pathos is highly wrought, and gives promise of that profound power which is displayed in Arthur's parting words to Guinevere in the "Idylls of the King." "Ulysses" is an idyllic monologue, and both in subject and manner is the retraction of "The Lotus-Eaters." As the motive of that poem was "we have had enough of action," so the motive of "Ulysses" is "we have had enough of rest." It denounces, not the vanity of working, but the vanity of ceasing work:—

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life!"

But the restlessness of Ulysses, like the pranks of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, arises from a "vague disease," a void within him, caused by the eddies of his experience in his memory:—

"All experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever."

The thoughts, and some of the diction, of this poem seem to be moulded on the grand speech of Ulysses to Achilles in the third act of *Troilus and Cressida*:—

"To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery."

The last of the idylls in blank verse is "Godiva," a charming version of the Coventry legend, telling how she

"Unclad herself in haste, adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey
trapt."

An action which is more passive than active, consisting more in suffering and endurance than in energy, like the aimless wanderings of Ulysses and Godova's naked ride, is the ideal to which Mr. Tennyson still clung in 1842.

After the idylls must be first mentioned, "St. Simeon Stylites," which, like "Ulysses," is a monologue, but is too drastic in its searchings of heart to be called idyllic. It opens a new vein; it is a dramatic monologue, similar in kind to those with which readers of Mr. Browning's poetry are familiar, but of which, before 1842, that master had given no other examples than his incomprehensible "Paracelsus" and "Sordello." St. Simeon motionless upon his pillar, growing there like a weed, enduring the sun by day and the dews by night, is a figure apt to impress Mr. Tennyson's fancy. If his conception has not the audacity of Æschylus's Niobe, who, veiled, prostrate and silent, acted the chief part in a drama without saying a word, or of his Prometheus, chained to Caucasus, and exchanging his words only with his tormentors or his comforters, at least his picture of St. Simeon has something of Æschylus about it. The monologue of St. Simeon, which only at the end changes to an address to the people round his pillar, is a recitation to himself, before God, of what he has done to obtain remission of his sins and the crown of sanctity. The subject is approached rather from the polemical side than from

that of an impartial psychological analysis. It looks as if the poet had been intent upon showing the ill-concealed pride and half-conscious hypocrisy of a humility which seeks perfection through self-imposed suffering. Hence comes a coarseness in the conception and a hoarseness in the involuntary "asides" which is very ill-matched with the delicacy of the technical execution. Mr. Tennyson evidently lacks that power which is the strong point of Mr. Browning, whose monologues of unintentional self-analysis are perhaps the most striking portions of his poems.

Passing by "The Talking Oak," a long ballad of the dialogue between a lover and an oak growing in his mistress's park, which takes upon itself a kind of guardianship over her—a fancy quite in unison with Mr. Tennyson's muse, which, with eyes only half-awake, sees men as trees walking, and so congruously hears trees as men talking—we come to two of the most important poems of 1842, "Locksley Hall" and "The Two Voices." The latter belongs to the psychological class to which we have referred "St. Simeon Stylites." It deals with the scepticism which is a natural reaction of the mind, on its first expansion with scientific knowledge of the laws of the visible universe, against not only the prejudices but the truths of a religion the teaching of which had for ages been involved with false theories of physics. To those who had accepted Christianity as a religion essentially mixed up with the notion that the earth is, if not the physical, at least the moral, and probably the organic, centre of the universe, the discovery of the apparent infinitude of space, peopled with innumerable solar and planetary systems, is a difficulty which often cuts them adrift from their moorings. Mr. Tennyson in "The Two Voices" seeks to furnish them with new cordage, not to make them fast to their dogmatic traditions, but to prevent their drifting away from the morality of theism. In accordance with the temper of the Lake school, the counter proof consists merely in appeals to the feelings. Against the hopelessness of ever attaining any real knowledge, and the folly of striving for it in pain, when death presents a ready haven of rest, the second voice has only to hint at a "hidden hope,"—

"To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love."

This dialogue is the *Phædo* of Mr. Tennyson's philosophy. Its impressiveness de-

pends simply on the mood of mind in which it is read. Its intellectual character, so far as it has one, is Platonic; and the fact of reminiscence is explained by the Platonic suggestion of pre-existence. At the same time, the poet unquestionably exhibited great foresight in seizing on the great and pervading question of the day. It was about the year 1842 that the tide of the religious and metaphysical feeling which had found expression in the Lake school began to turn, and the tide of materialistic philosophy began to advance. At any rate, the poem foreshadows the miseries of a mind imbued with feelings of religiosity, but overwhelmed with the suggestions of a philosophy which admits the validity of nothing but phenomena. This philosophy is exhibited in deadly struggle with the old view, which considers the world as the creation and the realm of a mind and will analogous to man's; and at last some kind of reconciliation is made between them. To one is assigned the realm of reason; to the other that of the feelings, which constitute premisses for a certain conclusion, though the reason cannot formulate either the premisses or the conclusion of the argument. The upshot seems to be the popular notion that among all things that can be taught some are knowable and others only capable of being felt, and that religion, like poetry, is one of the things which belongs solely to the feelings. "Locksley Hall," on the other hand, belongs altogether to the visible and sensible side of existence. It paints the collision of individual passion with the exigences of social life. It strives to solve the problem which assails every man sooner or later—how to make his public duties square with his private feelings. There are innumerable occasions in which a man has to smother the wounds within him, and to bear a cheerful countenance, and join in common triumphs, as if he were heart-whole. Not only love and duty may be at strife, but duty and the other feelings or passions. The poem weighs in poetical balance the claims of the individual passions and sorrows of the blighted being against the claims which his country and the public have upon him. It is a monologue. The orphan-nephew at Locksley Hall, dreaming of the coming humanitarian millennium, becomes engaged to his cousin, the heiress of the estate: she jilts him; and he, in his despairing rage, inveighs against the whole constitution of things. He thinks of retiring to the far East, and taking to wife a savage woman. But then he remembers

that because he is vexed to death it is no reason why the world should come to an end, that his private sorrows do not take away from the value of the gains of human progress, and that civilization is better than barbarism though his cousin is a jilt. It is observable that the very truth which brings resignation to the hero of "Locksley Hall"—

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more"—

is just that which the tempter in "The Two Voices" uses as the argument for self-destruction:

"Who'll weep for thy deficiency?
Or will one beam be less intense,
When thy peculiar difference
Is cancelled in the world of sense?"

And it really is true that the same fancy which might argue the quietist into despair would be the greatest motive for exertion to the man of action:

"I must mix myself with action, lest I wither by despair."

In the resolve to be up and doing, such a man finds his comfort:

"The crescent promise of my spirit hath not set."

The poem itself quite smothers its philosophic intention in a wealth of poetical imagery, and in a dramatic flow of ideas suggested as much by pride and passion as by reason, which Mr. Tennyson up to that date had never given promise of. It may even be doubted whether "Maud," which thirteen years later pursued the vein here opened, was any real improvement upon the earlier work. "Locksley Hall," however, with all its impetuosity, is no real exception to the peculiar current of Mr. Tennyson's poetical ideas. The soliloquist is a dreamer struggling with his dreams. His trials are all self-woven, by a self which works helplessly and involuntarily. The various schemes of life which he suggests to himself and rejects are so many dreams. The difference between the poet of 1832 and the poet of 1842 is that the first is a dreamer who sets himself to dream, and who thinks, as some poet says,

"He sleeps not vainly life away
Who tells of what he dreameth;"

while the second sees that life is somewhat more than a dream, and that dreams have to be countermined sometimes with contradictory dreams, sometimes with action. "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "The Two Voices," have all this tendency. In "The

Vision of Sin" the very attitudes and versification of the "Lotos-Eaters" are reproduced, not now to glorify inaction as a permissible phase of existence, but to denounce it as sinful. There

"sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise;
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips —
As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and
capes,—
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and
piles of grapes."

It is natural that both this poem and "The Day-Dream" should largely display Mr. Tennyson's earlier characteristics; for they profess to be only visions. The other poems of 1842 are chiefly ballads, the best of which for simplicity and pathos is the "Lord of Burleigh." "Amphion" and "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue" over his port wine at the Cock are humorous — the latter rather high in the scale of merit.

After all these preludes and experiments Mr. Tennyson girded up his loins for a longer and more continuous effort. "The Princess, a Medley," was published in 1847. It is in blank verse with a few lyrical rhymes as symphonies between the cantos. It consists of a prologue, a story, and an epilogue. The prologue is an idyll of modern life. There is a rustic fête in Vivian Park, with all the appliances of the Mechanics' Institutes, still in 1847 fresh with the halo which Sir Robert Peel had shed around them in his speech at the opening of the Tamworth reading-room in 1841. Seven college friends are together in the park, picnicking in the ruins of the Abbey, with Lilia Vivian, a woman yet in girlhood, who makes herself a champion of woman's rights:

"O I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,"

and, as one of the seven suggested,

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl graduates in their golden
hair."

At last, from this badinage there emerges a proposal that a story should be told, and that each of the seven men should narrate a chapter of it. So said, so done; and the medley called "The Princess" is the supposed result. Seven narrators succeed one another, each taking up not only the thread of the story, but the person of the chief actor in it. Each in turn

is the prince betrothed in boyhood to a princess, who, however, according to Lilia's fancy, renounces men, founds a woman's college, and makes it death for man to enter. But the prince and his two friends don woman's raiment and enrol themselves as students. They are discovered by the dowager-deans, who, however, in pity refrain from reporting them to the princess; but their own imprudence betrays them at a silvan feast. In the disorderly retreat which follows, the princess falls into a river, and is saved by the prince. Meanwhile the prince's father comes with an army to rescue him, and to claim the bride. After parleys, the event is left to be decided by a tournament, in which the princess's brother unhorses and wounds the prince, who is carried into the ladies' college to be nursed — an operation which opens the lady's eyes to the true place of women, and makes her yield to the common lot of her sex. The epilogue returns to the meeting in Vivian Park, and ends with the chat of the young men, and an application of the story to the politics of France.

The author of "The Princess" professes that his poem is "mock heroics;" and it may be said with truth that never out of Cervantes was a slight tale more majestically told. In fact, the heroic form makes one forget the triviality of the matter; and the story is read with simple faith, not undermined by the humour of its absurdity, till we awake at the end to the consciousness of what manner of poem it is that we have read. And yet it is not the triumph of sound over sense. Each incident arouses its appropriate passion, and each passion clothes itself in its appropriate words. The exaggeration is between the parts and the whole, between the whole action and its accessories, not, as in Cervantic style, between the words and their immediate meaning. The poem has no grandiloquent absurdities; the utmost that can be said of it in this respect is that it has here and there very sweet music with a minimum of meaning beneath it. Such is the Prince's song in the fourth canto:

"O swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee."

But in general the sentiments are commensurate with the language, however incommensurate with the absolute requirements of the story. Hence we feel no incongruity when we come on so mixed — Miltonic and Shakespearian — a speech

as that of the Prince to Ida in the fourth canto :

"O not to pry and peer on your reserve," etc.

So far as words, images, and power of expression go, the poet in "The Princess" had emancipated himself from the dreamy spontaneity of his style. It is all the more striking then, as a witness to the strength which the passive attitude of mind has over him, that when he had emancipated himself from it, so far as the manner of his writing was concerned, he chose still to keep himself enthralled by it so far as his matter went. For he selected a story so loosely hung that, to justify it, he had to attribute it to the invention of seven consecutive narrators. He made its hero, for no evident necessity, a ctalectic subject, liable to day-dreams, in which he knew not the shadow from the substance. In the very tournament, which is the most stirring moment of the poem, the hero is made to fight as in a dream. "Yet it seemed a dream, I dreamed of fighting."

It seems as if the dreaming side of life appeared in those days to Mr. Tennyson so exclusively its real and solemn side, that, on the other hand, all fierce action seemed grotesque, the proper subject for "raillery or false sublime," and unworthy of serious treatment by an earnest poet. This perhaps partly accounts for his success in this great poem. He was able to let himself down a peg or two, to unscrew himself from the tension of his sublime dreams, to come down upon his subject from above instead of climbing laboriously up to it. Yet in one sense he had climbed laboriously up to it. On reading his works consecutively, it is easy to see that many of the short pieces of 1842 were preludes and studies in which he essayed the form and the intention of this poem. The pseudo-dramatic form which in the miscellanies of 1842 is so often affected by attributing the authorship of a piece to an alien pen, or by distributing its otherwise undistinguishable current among the conduits of more speakers than one, here finds its crown, if not its explanation and justification; and the intention of "The Princess" finds its anticipation in "The Day-Dream," with its morals and envoys, to explain its application, or rather its inapplicability to anything in particular. As for the idea of the poem, it has much in common with Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, where a male academe, a counterpart of the Princess's girl's college, is routed by the irruption of a princess and

her court. It has also some analogies with Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, and Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, both of which recount the failure of socialistic reformers. It must be owned, however, that the man shows himself much less of an enthusiast for the woman's reforms, than the women showed themselves for the male ideals round which they entwined their tales.

"In Memoriam" was Mr. Tennyson's next poem. The introduction bears the date 1849. The poem was published in 1850. It is analogous to a series of sonnets, and is addressed to a friend, Arthur Hallam, who had died at Vienna seventeen years before. The metre is the same throughout—quatrains of lines of eight syllables each, the first and last lines rhyming together, and the two middle ones. Each number consists of three, generally four, sometimes as many as thirty (lxxxiv.) of these stanzas. The form then is as wide as possible from that of the strictly defined and invariable sonnet; but the whole spirit of the poem is the spirit of the sonnet as understood by Dante, Petrarch, and Shakespeare. The sonnet is devoted to the philosophy of love. Whether the chosen object of love is a real mistress idealized, as Dante's and Petrarch's, or a real mistress realized, as Spenser's, or one quite ideal, as Drayton's, or a living man, like Shakespeare's friend, or a dead mistress, as in Petrarch's second series of sonnets, or a dead friend, as in "In Memoriam," makes no great matter to the course of the poem. The subject is always the scale or ladder of love; whether this is approached in a pre-established scholastic manner, as was apparently the case with Dante and Petrarch, perhaps even with Shakespeare, or whether the method is evolved from the isolated self-consciousness of the individual poet, an analogous result is always obtained. The courses of the human affections proceed by rules as really as the processes of the human reason. There is a logic of love as truly as there is a logic of deduction or induction. From the nature of the case its rules are not capable of so intelligible an exposition as the rules of the logic of reasoning; but Plato has sketched their movement as really as Aristotle has exhibited the movement of apprehension, judgment, and syllogism; and the great sonneteers have exhibited this movement in its concrete expression with as much mastery and clearness as that with which philosophers and men of science have exhibited the applications

of logic to observed facts. The sonneteers of the sixteenth century were generally copyists of each other and of Petrarch; Mr. Tennyson's originality consists in this—that he has taken their main thought, and translated it out of mediæval objectivity and definiteness into the subjectivity of modern idealism and the indefiniteness of the Lake school. That he has made a profound study of the sixteenth-century models appears from many turns of thought and expression. One instance will serve to show the direction in which these imitations may be looked for. Shakespeare twice in his sonnets uses the expression "fool of time" for an entity which like a weather-cock changes with changing circumstances, and goes through its movements like a wind-mill by the impact of external force, not by its own self-determination. Mr. Tennyson develops this phrase, and talks of "fools of habit," men who are led by habit and not reason, or of the will being the "fool of loss," when its grief overmasters it and dries up its forces. It is thus that he builds on his models, not by imitation of what they have actually done, but by continuing to build on the lines which they laid down, but on which they had erected nothing. He might have found a model in Petrarch's "sonnetti e canzoni in morte di madonna Laura;" but he takes nothing from them except a general and far-off resemblance. Their first intention is objective—to speak of Laura, and to make her name live. Mr. Tennyson doubtless had a like intention with regard to his friend; indeed, he gives many more particulars of his character than Petrarch gives of Laura, but his first intention was to show how grief may be transfigured by love, and may become the master of the soul, to instruct it in all truth, and to lead it into all good. If men, he says in the first sonnet, may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, cannot they also turn their losses into gain, and make their tears blossom and bear fruit? Grief then, its uses and the method of utilizing it, make up the primary notion of "In Memoriam." Its motto might be Constance's:

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his
form—
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?"

Mr. Tennyson's grief, or rather his mourn-
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ing mind, in the same way puts on the form of his lost friend, reproduces his image in itself, and moulds itself upon the form and circumstances and mental habits of the departed one. Grief thus becomes personified, and so may be at least the proxy for, if not the real presence of, the absent friend; and the poet's soul, in espousing its own sorrow, marries itself to him:

"O sorrow, wilt thou live with me,
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom friend and half of life."

In this way the union of two souls, which is always the conclusion of the premises of love, is arrived at. But the means are somewhat different from those usually employed. For instance, in Mr. Tennyson's school the beloved object is only a loan of nature. When it drops away, love is left; and ripened love is the end for which the friend was lent. In the old sonneteers one object of love only fades away to be replaced by another. As each beloved one falls away by death or otherwise, it reveals a better and higher object behind it, on which the widowed love can fasten itself, not forgetting what it has lost, but finding it again in a better and higher form in the new object, which thus becomes "the grave where buried love doth live," the master image in which the images of all former loves may be viewed. In the ultimate outcome no doubt both processes agree. The most subjective of poets must project his own image on the world, and make it his object. And whether the object is the poet's own mind filled with the image and recollections of a lost friend, or whether it is the lost friend himself, idealized in the memory of the poet, the same words must necessarily be used, the same affections will be evoked, and the same thoughts will be communicated to the reader. With Mr. Tennyson the lost friend himself becomes the higher object. Death transfigures him; he becomes an angelic spirit, of mighty but undefined powers, a guardian to protect, a teacher to prompt, a form into which any ideal of excellence in wisdom or knowledge can be fitted. He becomes the impersonation of love, and thus becomes deified:

"Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine for ever, ever mine!"

As he grows more distant for knowledge he grows nearer for love. His known outline fades away, becomes indefinite and elastic enough to comprehend all objects

of love, and therefore to have a kind of divine omnipresence, "loved deeper, darker understood:"

"Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee when the waters run,
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

But this identification of the limited with the unlimited is not pantheistic, because for Mr. Tennyson the limited strictly keeps its own individuality and personality. It is enclosed, not absorbed:

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside."

Thus the lover still retains the love for the distinct personality, and is at the same time able to give a well-nigh infinite expansion to that personality, to invoke its presence that it may aid and infuse good thoughts, to tremble before it, to treat it, in a word, as the Catholic devotee treats his favourite saint. That this is the necessary development of love all philosophers who have treated most deeply upon it are agreed, in spite of the reclamations of the divines.

The progress of the poem is marked quite as much by its chronological succession as by the development of its idea. The Christmas season, as it comes round, is duly noted, and the departed friend's birthdays are religiously kept. Thus we find that three years are assigned as the period of the growth of the idea, from the mere blank feeling of loss with which the poem begins to the apotheosis of the departed with which it ends. The poet does not conceal from himself or his readers that all this conclusion is a dream of his own, his "own phantom chanting hymns," expressive of his

"trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends."

But his dream must be true, because it is so noble:

"In my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream and hold it true."

And thus he considers himself entitled to describe his lost friend not as what he really was, but as what love tells him he would have been, with a lovelier hue lent to him by distance. He considers his own spirit as wife to the departed spirit, and therefore entitled to speak of him as the widow is entitled to speak of her lost paragon.

But the poem embraces more than the old sonneteers usually included in their in-

tention. They generally treated of love in an abstract way, and therefore generalized all the loveable qualities which they celebrated in such a manner that no distinct image of the individuality of the person celebrated can be extracted from their sonnets. Mr. Tennyson seems to have resolved to avoid this defect; but his resolution, while it has added interest to the portrait of his friend, has also added a polemical tone to the poem, which is slightly out of time with the dominant chord of sorrow. For when a strongly individualized portrait is held up as the great ideal, which at last becomes everywhere present, the individual qualities of the soul thus portrayed become rules and laws imposed upon men dogmatically. Mr. Tennyson's doctrine may be sound enough; but it is only one of the many codes possible to be insisted on as the guides of life, and is polemically exalted above all others. It is doubtless an excellent rule to meet all perplexities and doubts manfully, without shirking them, and yet to avoid combating them with the sole arms of reason and knowledge without the aid of obedience, reverence, and wisdom. The ideal friend

"touched a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out:
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own."

And the conclusion of the whole poem is made to be the acquisition of this

"faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

It has been said that "In Memoriam" is tinctured with scepticism. The scepticism, if any, is only that which is found in the religious writings of all those men who to enhance the greater certainty treat the lesser as none at all, who because the next world is so true resolve that this shall be only a dream, and so, because they throw doubt upon that which is seen and known, are scarcely credited when they explain that they do so only to magnify the undoubtfulness of that which is invisible and unknown.

It will be evident that the poem is in its matter and form perfectly homogeneous to the early poetical attitude of Mr. Tennyson. It is a dream; it is a progress of feelings, not of action; it is moreover a process where the change is said to be brought about by an external influence, and not to be due only to internal self-development. Even the poetry itself is attributed to a force over which the poet has no control:

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

The work is therefore, though published later, earlier in relation to the poet's development than "The Princess." Perhaps it was begun or designed shortly after Arthur Hallam's death in 1833. Some of it seems to have been in course of composition at the same time as certain of the poems published in 1842. Thus in "Love and Duty" there is the same development of thought as here in No. 27:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all;"

and in "The Two Voices" there are the same turns of thought as in No. 54, about nature:

"So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life."

But in these quasi-sonnets Mr. Tennyson's quietism found its most natural outlet. The dreaminess and stillness which reign throughout the poem flow in accordance with its idea. There is no suspicion of contrivance or manufacture. The art is concealed. It does not seem built on theory, as in "The Lotos-Eaters." It does not suggest as its origin that the poet said to himself, "Now let us dream," or, "Let us pretend to be dreaming." The cause was adequate to the effect; and the result is a poem which on the whole may claim a place, if not in the same rank, at least in the same category as Petrarch's sonnets and canzonets, or Shakspeare's sonnets.

"Maud" was published in 1855. It is both psychologically in sentiment, and artistically in expression, a development of the motive of "Locksley Hall." There are naturally two directions in which Mr. Tennyson's poetical psychology tends. In representing man determined by circumstances and floating down the stream, he may exhibit him either on a placid current of love or grief or on a boiling and surging torrent of anger and hate. The two courses have this altogether in common,

that both represent man as the playthings of an external power:

"We are puppets, man in his pride, and beauty
fair in her flower,

Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by an
unseen hand at a game?"

The hero of "Locksley Hall" and the hero of "Maud" both excuse themselves for feelings and judgments which they know are not morally defensible by an antecedent suffering which has deprived their will of its power, and has made them impotent to resist the onset of passion. Both are strong muscular men, capable of bodily and even mental endurance as soldiers and officers, but incapable of mastering their passions, expelling their dreams of revenge, or denying themselves the morose delight of brooding over such dreams. It is not without reason that the poet chooses men of this class to be the vehicles of his socialistic complaints against that silent war between every man and his neighbour which grows up during a long peace. When Shakspeare has to make analogous complaints he puts them into the mouths of Tullus Aufidius's serving-men. Peace, they say, rusts iron, increases tailors, breeds ballad-makers; it is a very apoplexy, a lethargy, muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible, and a grievous wronger of neighbourhood; it makes men hate one another, because they have less need of each other. If Mr. Tennyson puts charges like these into more educated lips, he too provides that the servile tincture shall not be wanting; he makes the speaker the slave of the ever present memory of a great wrong. As the Elizabethan would put unpalatable truths into the mouths of his fools, so Mr. Tennyson, willing to ventilate his feelings about social scandals, devises a character who would naturally inveigh against them in unmeasured terms. Such characters may be men of the school of Shylock, whose wrongs partly justify their ferocity, and whose eloquence and invective beget a desire to take away the just grounds of their malice. The life of the hero of "Locksley Hall" is blighted by being crossed in love: that of the hero of "Maud," by a gigantic swindle practised on his father, which caused the old man's suicide. The boy's memory is oppressed with the remembrance of the night when he was waked

"By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trailed,
by a whispered fright,"

and "the shrill-edged shriek of a mother,"

when the corpse was brought home. He grows up lonely, parsimonious, revengeful. He is cured by the love of Maud, the daughter of the man who had ruined his father. But Maud's brother, scented and "curled like an Assyrian bull," comes between them. He strikes his sister's lover, and is shot by him in a duel. The murderer flies, returns to find Maud dead, becomes mad, and is restored to reason by the upheaval at the beginning of the Crimean War. The poem is a lyric monologue, consisting of envious invective, gradually mastered by love, then the idyllic joy of love, then anger, despair, madness, and patriotic enthusiasm. There is rush and motion enough in it; but the rush is that of a planet rather than that of a spirit. The movement is determined by the motive; and is not created by the motive; and the motive is not created by the will of the man moved. It is a helpless whirl of a man overmastered by a self-imposed necessity in the form of passion. Such overmastering fatality is a phase of poetical experience which some of the greatest poets have almost exclusively fastened upon. It is the subject-matter of *Æschylus's* monotonous sublimity. It is the ground idea of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* But Shakespeare put into no other of his dramas the classical background of an overbearing fate. To have exhibited life under this aspect once was enough: the great and universal artist turned himself to some other of nature's myriad facets. But Mr. Tennyson has not this command over variety. He can sing his divisions only on one tone. With him love is lord of all, the sovereign balm or mortal bane of the spirit. For good or evil, love is the only real power which his poetry recognizes. The very bitterness of the hero of "Maud" is distilled out of his love for his father, and out of his patient self-sacrifice to the service of his widowed and waning mother. The love of Maud sweetens this bitterness; but her loss drives him back upon himself, and nurses his bitterness into madness.

As Mr. Tennyson carefully adapted his music to the dreamy idleness of his "Lotos-Eaters," so he carefully adapts his metre to the irregular and hard thoughts in "Maud." It begins with the metre of "Locksley Hall" — the long trimeter iambic, generally with one or two anapaests in one or two of the even places, and sometimes with anapaests in every place, as in the line:

"I am sick of the hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main."

But a great change in character is introduced by making the alternate lines rhyme, instead of the consecutive ones. With such long lines this distance between the jingles gives a notion of rough, uneven motion which the poet clearly studied to produce. In the third section the metre changes the iambus and anapaest for the trochee and dactyl. It answers to the first irresistible impression of Maud on the man's mind, and his vain efforts to resist it:

"Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drowned?"

In the ninth section the lyric and love element begins to predominate, and all runs comparatively smoothly till the hero sings his joy at Maud's love for him. Perhaps here the music may be meant to imitate the bumping and thumping of the happy heart, which deliriously denies that it does bump, and asserts that it never before beat so smoothly:

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend;
There is none like her, none;
And never yet so warmly ran my blood,
And sweetly on and on,
Calming itself to the long-wished-for-end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good."

Perhaps the violence of passion hardly justifies the ruggedness of the measure. The love lyrics that succeed are many of them very beautiful. One of them, "Come into the garden, Maud," at once struck the fancy of musicians, and seemed spontaneously to clothe itself in melody. In the second part, the lyrics are meant to represent the deadness of the heart that forfeited its good just when enjoyment was within its grasp — a living deadness, gradually degenerating into the crisis of madness. The madness is found in the fifth section of the second part. It is with a method in it, a cloak to cover the satiric venom of the dead heart, rather than a genuine impulsive madness. It is the madness rather of Edgar than of Lear, of Hamlet than of Ophelia. The man fancies he is dead and buried, and sings:

"Wretchedest age, since Time began,
They cannot even bury a man;
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are gone
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read;

It is that which makes us loud in the world
of the dead;

There is none that does his work, not one;
A touch of their office might have sufficed,
But the churchmen fain would kill their
church,

As the churches have killed their Christ."

Mr. Tennyson has chosen a psychological subject which could only be treated with sovereign inerrancy by the poet of *Hamlet* and *Lear*. Among living Englishmen it is not the Laureate, but Mr. Browning, who approaches nearest to the ideal treatment of like situations, whether we regard his matter, the subtlety of his thoughts, or the methodical ruggedness of his metre, which is his form.

The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was fitly bound up with "Maud," as a piece in the same musical key; but its discords and halting progressions are less justified by its thoughts than are those in "Maud." In fact, it reads like a Laureate's obligato accompaniment to a national event, prompted by duty and aspiration instead of creative energy and inspiration. The form is justified by the circumstances of the time, not by the thoughts of the poem. It harmonized with the ceremonies of the day; it is not in harmony with the event in retrospect. Indeed, the thoughts are almost painfully commonplace. The author seems to have considered himself the mouthpiece of the nation, bound to say in verse what the newspapers said in prose on the occasion, and to dress up the thoughts of journalists in his own language. And this is only a type of Mr. Tennyson's political position. His ideas appear in general to be those of the majority. He yields to the impulses of the time, or rather of the present, for the week or month often reverses the judgment of the day or hour. Thus he assumes the whole war of 1854 at the end of "Maud," as he afterwards assumes the whole hero-worship of the nation towards the Duke of Wellington and the Prince Consort, to whose memory he dedicates the "Idylls of the King." Among the other poems printed with "Maud" is "The Brook," which proves that, in the midst of all his painful endeavours to assimilate his music to that of which Walt Whitman may stand as the symbol, he still cultivated his old ear, and kept up his unrivalled power of idyllic composition. "Maud" seems to be the final outcome of a vein which is certainly not exhausted, but which Mr. Tennyson does not seem able to work with perfect success.

In the "Idylls of the King" he carried

to perfection the kind of poetry which had always flowed from him in the happiest manner. We have seen how many-sided and versatile the idyll becomes in his hands. It is no longer a mere pastoral; but, remaining fundamentally idyllic, it borrows from every other species of poetry, and becomes dramatic, epic, or lyrical as well. The "Idylls of the King" are properly idyllic episodes of the epic of Arthur, and are in themselves far more like cantos of an epic poem than the pretended eleventh book of the supposed "Epic" which was published in 1842. They are however fundamentally idyllic. They all have their centre and their base in love. Each idyll exhibits love in a distinct relation:—the adoring but jealous husband and the perfect wife, in "Enid;" Solomon snared by the wiles of the harlot, in "Vivien;" a man so true to his false love that he lets his true love die of a broken heart, in "Elaine"; the repentance of the false wife and the Christian forgiveness of the wronged husband, in "Guinevere." There is plenty of action in the stories; but the author, true to his poetic nature, exhibits it as it were through a veil—a dim medium which seems to deprive action of its sudden resolve, and to make it appear simply as the necessary result of combinations long preparing. The persons drift helplessly into action, instead of being arbiters of their own choice. Thus we get a dream of action instead of its imaged reality. The will is the great test of the waking state: freedom is absent from dream. In dreams character is moulded by circumstances: awake, man is in a great measure independent of circumstance. He builds his character out of circumstance, but is not himself built up by the stones which are only the materials of the edifice. Hence the correlation of dreaminess and fate in poetry. Mr. Tennyson exemplifies in his works this correlation; in order to maintain his ideal stillness in passages so eventful as those of the "Idylls of the King," he is obliged to conduct his personages with closed eyes, by the spells of presentiments and voices which re-echo in their ears, leading them, not against their will, but by compelling their will and making it too strong to assert its own deliberate freedom. Thus when Elaine insists upon going to nurse the wounded Lancelot, her father says to her:

"Being so very wilful you must go."

so she goes. But in her going,

"Her father's latest word hummed in her ear,
 'Being so very wilful you must go,'
 And changed itself and echoed in her heart,
 'Being so very wilful you must die.'"

And then, her task over, and Lancelot not
 being to be won,

"As a little helpless innocent bird,
 That has but one plain passage of few notes,
 Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
 For all an April morning, till the ear
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
 Went half the night repeating 'Must I die?'"

But before she had seen Lancelot, Elaine
 had dreamed

"That some one put this diamond in her hand,
 And that it was too slippery to be held,
 And slipt and fell into some pool or
 stream"—

a dream which presages the whole course
 of the story. The presentiments in
 "Guinevere" are more normal, inasmuch
 as the presentiment of evil is one of the
 natural consequences of the consciousness
 of sin. The Queen shuddering at Lancelot's
 attack on Modred, as half-foreseeing
 that the subtle beast would track her guilt;
 or seeing in the darkness grim faces, and
 vague spiritual fears; or dreaming awful
 dreams of standing in a vast plain before
 the setting sun, from which a ghastly something
 would rush towards her; or, in her
 dread, commanding Lancelot to go, but
 granting him one last interview whereby
 her presentiments of evil were all fulfilled
 — this is a natural picture of guilt. The
 subject was one in which Mr. Tennyson's
 power had its proper scope; and the choice
 of the subject shows his consciousness of
 that power. In "Vivien" the fatality of
 the action is helped on by the slow old age
 of Merlin the wise, whom the enchantress
 catches in her toils. He knows well, and
 ever learns better, the evil, untrusty nature
 of Vivien, and is more and more persuaded
 and resolved not to tell her his secret.
 But these resolutions are only the waves
 on the surface. His fluttering old heart
 is flattered and cajoled by the pretended
 affection of the young girl; and this current
 is ever waxing in him. The wind of reason
 may blow against it, and may raise ever
 angrier waves on its surface; they may
 seem to course upwards; but the stream
 still flows downwards to its destined
 precipice. Like another Samson, he intrusts
 his secret to a Delilah who has deceived
 him, and whom he has found out; and on the
 first opportunity his Delilah makes an end
 of him. In "Enid," the stolid, ox-like,
 beef-witted jealousy of

Geraint carries out the same tone of
 colouring. Nothing could make his conduct
 tolerable except the notion that, like Ajax
 when he slew the sheep, he was horn-mad.
 His deeds are only reasonable with the
 reason of dreams: the logic of real life
 condemns them as absurdities.

In these idylls, Mr. Tennyson's refined
 style reached its perfection. In general,
 they exhibit noble thoughts in noble language.
 In special, there is a curious union
 of the modern Miltonic classicism, framed
 on Homeric and not Latin principles, with
 the romantic and sententious diction of the
 sixteenth century. The Elizabethan
 sententiousness is exemplified in such passages
 as this:

"When I was up so high in pride,
 That I was halfway down the slope to hell,
 By overthrowing me you threw me higher."

A still more characteristic instance is the
 remark on Lancelot's refusal of Elaine's
 love on account of his passion for Guinevere:

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Clearly Mr. Tennyson is not one who, like
 Ben Jonson, would tax Shakespeare with
 ridiculousness for the verse, "Caesar did
 never wrong but with just cause;" nor,
 like Mr. Thorpe, would he correct the forcible
 phrase of the Saxon chronicle which
 tells how William "took many a mark of
 gold by right, and with great unright, from
 his people, for little need." This kind of
 paradoxical sententiousness is almost as
 classical as it is romantic. In Mr. Tennyson
 it has this double relationship, and is one
 of the means by which his romanticism
 and classicism are fused together.

But amidst all his metaphysical imagery,
 he always evinces a truly idyllic contemplation
 of nature in his comparison and descriptions.
 Of this kind is his favourite comparison
 of a watcher to a robin eyeing the delver;
 his description of people mounting a hill,
 and disappearing behind it, who

"Shewed themselves against the sky, and
 sank;"

of ivy against a ruin, which looked

"A knot, beneath, of snakes; aloft, a grove;"

of men fleeing in panic, "like a shoal of
 darting fish," which

"Come slipping o'er their shadows on the
 sand,
 But if a man who stands upon the brink

But lift a shining hand against the sun
There is not left the twinkle of a fin; ”
of the tumultuous eating of the brigands
in Earl Doorm's Hall,

“Feeding like horses when you hear them
feed; ”

and of Arthur cashiering the unjust judges
of his kingdom as

“Men weed the white horse on the Berkshire
hills,

To keep him bright and clean as heretofore.”

So again Guinevere's remark to Lancelot
about Arthur, which combines the meta-
physical with the physical :

“He is all fault who hath no fault at all,
For who loves me must have a touch of earth;
The low sun makes the colour.”

In a different direction, a passage on the
way in which Elaine in her meditations
pored over Lancelot's face, clearly exhibits
Mr. Tennyson's idea of art :

“As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best.”

Among these beauties must be mentioned
the three lyrics in the three first idylls —
lyrics written, as usual in Mr. Tennyson's
blank-verse poems, in triplets, and here in
rhyme. They show a great advance upon
those in “The Princess,” beautiful as the
earlier ones were.

In “Enoch Arden,” published in 1865,
the presentiment of a fatality, which only
forms the dim background in the “Idylls
of the King,” is brought out in full con-
sciousness into the clear light of day.
The story is idyllic; but it might be an
episode in an epic. Its subject is love,
courtship, and marriage; but its culminat-
ing interest lies in the self-mastery of the
husband, who returns as from the dead
after ten years' absence, finds his wife
remarried, and then, not to break up the
happiness of the new home which he has
just seen at night through the garden
window, conquers his own will, resigns all
the hopes which have buoyed him up in
his long absence, keeps his secret, lives as
a poor labourer when he might live as a
master, and finally dies, having only con-
fided his secret to one. The subject gives
a tragic dignity to the idyll, which Mr.
Tennyson hardly ventured upon before he
had written the “Idylls of the King.” The
special peculiarity, however, of the poem,
is the dominant force of presentiment and
forecast. The story begins with the woo-

ing of the two boys, who eventually be-
come the successive husbands of Annie
Lee.

“This is my house, and this my little wife,”
says Enoch, the stronger :

“‘Mine too,’ said Philip, ‘turn and turn
about.’ ”

And then quarrels are settled by the little
maiden, speaking oracularly in her inno-
cence, and declaring “she would be little
wife to both.” With this comes the fixed
determination of the will :

“Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes
To hoard,”

so as to make a home for Annie. Annie
accepts him; Philip sees the pair sitting
hand in hand, and reads his doom. Hence-
forth he dwells apart,

“Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart.”

Then, after seven years of prosperity,
comes an accident which half ruins Enoch.
In his sickness

“He seemed, as in a nightmare of the night
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved a beggar.”

So he prays; and in answer to his prayer
he is offered, and accepts, a berth in a
ship China-bound. Annie fights against
the resolve,

“Sure that all evil would come out of it.”

But Enoch is steadfast, sells his boats,
sets up Annie in a small shop, and when
his time comes departs. He comforts his
desponding wife : “I'll be back, my girl,
before you know it; ” but she answers :

“O Enoch, you are wise,
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more —
Well then, said Enoch, I shall look on yours.”

In his absence her business fails; her
youngest child dies; and the family, re-
duced almost to beggary, is obliged to
depend on the charity of Philip, the old
rejected suitor. Annie accepts it because
she believes that

“Enoch lives; that is borne in upon me,
He will repay you.”

But time passes; nothing is heard of
Enoch, who is exercising his patience
under the palm-trees on a lonely coral
island, where he has been shipwrecked.
Philip proposes that Annie should marry
him; and Annie answers :

"If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year."

He waits the year, and another half-year. Annie, urged by the talk of the town and the silent reproaches of her children, prays for a sign, opens the Bible, and puts her finger on the text "under a palm-tree." She sees Enoch so in a dream, and interprets it that he is in Paradise. So Philip and she are married; but she is never happy till her child is born. On the other side Enoch, in his palm-island, in the deaths of his companions reads his own warning, "wait." Once on his lonely island he hears the wedding-bells, which make him shudder. He is at last rescued, and returns, to find his home broken up. He looks upon Annie's face once, and determines that she never, even in death, shall look upon his, so that her new happiness may not be blighted. At last the foreknowledge comes to him that he is to die within three days. Of course, the pathos and nobleness of the work are not made up of this constraining force of predestination, reflected in the prophetic gleams of presentiment, any more than the grandeur of Shakespeare's Richard III. is made up of the fulfilment upon him of the curses of his victims; but in both instances the fateful element predominates, and is made to give a prevalent colouring to the poetry. In "Enoch Arden" this colouring harmonizes with the long-drawn patience of the actors, whose will seems not to be the versatile, ever-changing, ever-ready, instrument which poets of the highest order are able to paint, but rather a slow growth, unresistingly moulded by higher influences. And the fatality not only serves to enforce Mr. Tennyson's idea of the slow and fixed growth of his vegetating love, but also directly ennoble the scenes out of common life which he relates. It makes one feel that the loves of the fisherman and miller are as great in themselves as the loves of princes, and that the same Providence takes equal forethought for the good of the lowest and for that of the highest among the ranks of men.

"Aylmer's Field," is a kind of new and improved edition of "Maud," reduced from a lyric to an idyll. It takes up the old story, so favourite a one with Mr. Tennyson, of affections crossed by pride. There is the angel daughter, the foolish mother, the father possessed by one idea — the pride of his race and estate — who, in his determination not to let his daughter marry her old playmate, kills her, him,

himself, and his wife, with the dagger of sorrow. The author, true to his chosen and now almost necessary attitude, surrounds the story with all the accidents which serve to draw out and prolong the acts of the will, and to give them a dreamy instead of a wakeful character. As usual, the landscape sympathizes with this inertia of the men. It ministers their opiate:

"A land of hops and poppy-mingled corn,
Little about it stirring save a brook,
A sleepy land,"

where Aylmers at the hall and Averills at the rectory were immemorial. The Rector's younger brother is the playmate of Edith Aylmer, the heiress. He is

"Ever welcome at the hall,
On whose dull sameness his full tide of youth
Broke with a phosphorescence cheering even
My lady."

The word "phosphorescence" is characteristic of Mr. Tennyson; no other word could have reduced flashing and brilliant intelligence to so inert and calm an image. Phosphorescence is only the pale ghost of fire — the fire of dreamland, that burns not and hardly illuminates, a fire which seems separated by an infinite distance from other fires, like the soul of the dying man from his friends. It would be a more hopeful undertaking to kindle a match by the ray of the dog-star than by the lantern of the glow-worm. Then there is the baronet himself,

"dull and self-involved,
Tall and erect,"

but "mighty courteous in the main," who thinks no more of the intimacy of Leolin with his daughter than of the old Newfoundland's familiarity with her. But when he finds out the truth, then comes the dull persistent persecution, ending in Edith's death. The absent lover has a sympathetic presentiment of her fate; and when he learns it as a fact he slays himself with an ornamental dagger, her mysteriously fatal gift. The moral is put into the mouth of the Rector, who has to preach at the maiden's funeral. It is the same sermon against the "fee-farm Cupid" which Thackeray loved to preach. Mr. Tennyson had hitherto put it into the mouths of half-crazy and vindictive madmen in "Locksley Hall" and "Maud:" here it is softened, though the Rector's grief for the frenzied suicide of his brother throws him somewhat into the same passionate position as the earlier apostles of the

doctrine. Perhaps Mr. Tennyson thinks that no one can really see the harm of these matches for convenience except those who have suffered in consequence of them.

The diction of "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field" is without the studied archaism of the "Idylls of the King," and without the conscious imitations of "The Princess." It is the style which Mr. Tennyson has created for himself, to paint the modern world and real life; it is the gradually worked-up result of long and profound artistic study. It is also pregnant with sweet little idyllic conceits, which show, what his early poems did not show, a direct familiarity with nature, not a study of her in the studio of the painter and sculptor. Such are these lines, the second more than the first:

"Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave."

"The rabbit fondles his own harmless face."

"Sea Dreams" is the story of a married couple who take their sick child to a bathing-place. There the man meets an oily preacher-like banker who has swindled him out of his money. The helpless wrath of the man is kindled by the swindler's unctuous greeting; and the plot of the poem, such as it is, consists in the wife's trying to make her husband more charitable by the aid of his own and her dreams. They however do not wring the desired forgiveness from him till she tells him that the man has died suddenly. He receives the news with an epigram which felicitously appropriates the idea of a well-known line of Rogers:

"He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Mr. Tennyson makes his clerk exclaim:

"Dead? he? of heart disease? what heart had
he
To die off?"

Then the woman inculcates the moral which Mr. Tennyson has steadily from the first inculcated from time to time—the moral of the ultimate restitution of all things, when the evil shall become good again:

"If there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too. . . .
His angel broke his heart;"

and the man, after a struggle, and with a protest against the doctrine,

"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come,"
adds, "I do forgive him." There is not much in the poem but its sweet diction;

and Mr. Tennyson's music is so sweet that he sometimes charms men into listening to what is intrinsically not worth the pains.

"The Grandmother" is the sorrow of an old woman who has just heard of her eldest son's death at the age of more than seventy years. Her grief has to break through the mists of a memory grown stiff and solid, retaining ancient images and admitting no new ones. She talks of the old man just gone as he was when she first nursed him, chubby and rosy, on her knees. The slowly moving, half-frozen intelligence, the misty affections fixed not on what is but on what was, the weariness of life in the woman of fourscore and ten, form a subject exactly suited to Mr. Tennyson's ideal, and are therefore hit off with rare power and pathos.

The "Northern Farmer" is a happy solution of Mendelssohn's doubt whether there was in nature any such thing as a serious scherzo. The Boeotian dialect, the unsuspicious frankness of the dying farmer, who says exactly what he thinks, without the least consciousness that his thoughts are shocking to pious ears, and justifies all his hard dealings by the plea that he had done his duty by the land, by the parson, by the squire, and by "Bessy Marris's barn"—all this makes the poem itself highly humorous, with a humour akin to Thackeray's. The optimism of the farmer, who considers that every man in doing what he does is doing his duty, and that when duties clash each man's clear path is to keep his own rule, is excellent; and so is his determination to stick to his own rule of a pint of ale nightly and a quart on market nights, spite of doctor and parson, though they perhaps do their duty too in forbidding it. The stolid fixed idea in his head is one of those materialized statuette mental states which Mr. Tennyson has always chosen for his favourite nurse-lings.

Among the miscellanies of 1865, "Tithonus," which had appeared earlier in a periodical, is the most noteworthy. This classical fable is one of those which readily precipitate themselves round the pole of Mr. Tennyson's battery. The old man, the bed-fellow of Aurora, who had obtained from her the sad gift of immortality, forgetting to couple his request with that for perpetual youth, now vainly seeks release and envies the

"Happy men that have the power to die,
And the still happier dead."

"The Holy Grail," which was published in 1870, completes the "Idylls of the King,"

and unites them into a connected epic. It gives an introduction called "The Coming of Arthur," and two new idylls, "The Holy Grail" and "Pelleas and Ettarre," whose place is to be between "Elaine" and "Guinevere;" the conclusion is "The Passing of Arthur." This is identical with the "Morte d'Arthur" of 1842, except that a new beginning is added, and it is divested of the introduction and epilogue, which on its first appearance explained it to be the eleventh canto of a destroyed epic. This poem is said to be "connected with the rest in accordance with an early project of the author's." Mr. Tennyson seems to have early projected an epic poem on Arthur, but scarcely such a one as is now made up. In the first design it seems to have been intended to allow the magical and mysterious machinery of the mediæval legend to give the predominant tone to the poem. This tone was supreme in the "Morte d'Arthur;" in the "Idylls of the King" it had retired to the background, thrust out of the way, but not out of mind.

When the poem was to be completed in a way to allow the early canto to be used as its conclusion, the new additions had necessarily to be made to harmonize with both the parts which had to be joined. Hence these new poems have an earlier smack than the "Idylls of the King." They stand between them and the "Morte d'Arthur." Or, to speak with more speciality, "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Holy Grail," especially the latter, are entirely magical and mystical; while "Pelleas and Ettarre" is a love idyll, a study of a different phase of love, that of the honourable and inexperienced boy for the mocking jilt who only begins to love him really when she has lost him and turned his true love into a fixed resolve to condemn. Thus the completed epic of Arthur carefully eschews all that is epic in the legend. It extracts from the story its fantastic and its pathetic episodes, and occupies itself entirely with them, only affording passing allusions and brief studies to the epical parts of the story, which concern the conduct of Arthur as hero, king, and saviour of his country.

In "The Holy Grail," amidst the fantastic and beautiful mediæval legends, Mr. Tennyson contrives to teach his lesson. Arthur, flower of kings, is, as Mr. Tennyson images him, much too commonplace, or too sensible, to go on the quest. He has his definite work to do, which done, but not before, he can afford to dream. After it is done he says:

"Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will; and many a time they
 come,
Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
This air that smites his forehead is not air,
But vision — yea, his very hand and foot —
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that one
Who rose again."

This is as if he said: Our only knowledge of material reality comes from our duties and our needs: we are obliged to act towards things as if they were real: but the moment action ceases and thought begins, then reality begins to evaporate; all turns to dream: we are certain of nothing but the *cogito ergo sum*, the existence of self as a thinking being; and on this certainty we build up further certainties — first our immortality, next the being of God, lastly the truth of Christianity. With this conclusion, so strongly held, it is difficult to see why Mr. Tennyson should have been considered a sceptic. He is a sceptic in the same sense, and for the same reason, that Descartes is a sceptic — because his philosophy begins in doubt. But it is not founded on doubt. Doubt in this system merely clears away everything till the doubter comes to the solid ground of indubitable fact. His scepticism is not absolute, its own end and object, but relative, a means to an end; and that end is certain knowledge. If this is scepticism, the whole thought of the world has been sceptical since Descartes. To Mr. Tennyson, when the whole world of eye and ear has been evaporated to a mere vision, this vision becomes the veil which God weaves both to reveal and conceal Himself:

"Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that
 which he seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we
 not live in dreams?"

This he calls "the higher pantheism." It is a pantheism which asks, "Is He not all but thou?" It therefore leaves to each spirit its own personality, looking upon individual minds perhaps as shuttles in God's great loom, wherein He weaves the veil through which men see Him. But we do not look for severe logic in dreams. A pantheism where all that is individual and finite mind is not God at all, and all that is material is a vision which seems and is not, which is not God but only represents Him and stands for Him, is not in any true sense Pantheism at all, lower or higher.

Among the poems published with these idylls is one called "Wages," which embodies the first of Arthur's principles—that action is the first duty, and dreaming, if a duty at all, only secondary. Virtue has no wages; if she aim at glory she is not virtue at all:

"She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet
seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a
summer sky,
Give her the wages of going on, and not to
die."

This confession cuts away all supposition that Mr. Tennyson attributes any real goodness to the quietude which from "The Lotos-Eaters" to his last poem, "Lucretius," he attributes to the highest beatitude:

"the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, centered in eternal calm . . .

. . . The gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go."

It is a characteristic conclusion that Mr. Tennyson should at last put the most finished utterance of his own youthful creed into the mouth of Lucretius, and should have corrected, not to say contradicted it, by the mouth of Arthur, his ideal knight,

"Who revered his conscience as his king."

The "Northern Farmer, New Style," is not so successful as the first of the series. The chief reason is that the humour of the first consisted in the old man's frank contradiction to the most elementary principles of morals, and his justification of his breach of the minor virtues by his asserted observance of the greater ones. After so successful an effort, Mr. Tennyson was not able to resist the temptation of making his northern farmer not exactly an apostle of his evangel, that no young man or young woman is to be thwarted in love or forced to resist the impulse to marry—not exactly an apostle, but a Helot, warning others from the vice by his own hard and remorseless doctrine that a man should marry, not for love, but for "property." In showing up a maxim so partially acknowledged and capable of such foolish applications, no humourist could achieve the same success as when the

unquestioned rule of right and wrong, or some equally unquestioned article of good manners, is the subject of his ironical raillery.

It is clear that "The Window," Mr. Tennyson's last publication, though not his last work, was not intended to weigh for much in the estimate of his poetry. It was written for music, and consists of a cyclus of a dozen lyrics, expressing the progress of a lover's feelings, as he contemplates his mistress's window, through the course of a successful suit. It is a cross between the lyric of the middle part of "Maud" and the old ballad with its pictorial or interjectional burden, like "Heigh-ho to the green holly," or "Green grow the rushes, O." On similar orthodox principles does Mr. Tennyson construct his "When the winds are up in the morning," "Vine, vine, and eglantine," "Bite, frost, bite," and the rest of the present series. Perhaps the old burdens, sounded as affected to those who first heard them as these new burdens may to the present generation. By the nature of the case, such interjectional phrases are more cherished for the associations with which familiarity surrounds them than for what they directly denote. There is no reason why Time may not dress up these songs with similar feelings, and carry them down to posterity in the good company to which they evidently aspire.

Of all the characteristics of Mr. Tennyson's poems, perhaps the most general and most comprehensive is its youthfulness. It is not merely the poetry which the mature guardian would judge to be harmless *virginibus puerisque*, for youths and maidens, but it is the poetry which is calculated to go most directly to the heart of such unsophisticated readers. It is youthful in its metaphysics, in its religious views, in its views of nature, in its politics, in its social theories, and in its pathos. As for the metaphysics, there can be no philosophy more naturally grateful to the young mind than the notion that matter is a dream; that it is only by some inexplicable necessity, which it is our happiness to represent as a duty, that we are bound to matter, and made dependent on food and raiment and air and shelter; but that, our mere duty once accomplished, we are free as air to question the reality of all that we have been doing, and to advance the supreme reality of our visions by denying the reality of our sensations. Then again, the union of a general Christianity with an imaginary and merely sentimental pantheism is a youthful phase of religiosity;

this too stands in close connection with the superstitious reliance on presentiments, on the fatal significance of random words, on chance omens and their mystical sense. Even the religious difficulties which the poet encounters and controverts are those which specially strike the youthful imagination, but hardly live in the reason of the grown man. They are imaginary difficulties. He is quite right in implying that there is no arguing against the argument: "The solar system is one in an inconceivable multitude of similar systems; therefore Christianity, which makes man the moral centre of the universe, is false." Such fancies can only be evicted by the same door by which they gained possession, that of the feelings. There is no reasoning a man or boy out of an opinion he was never reasoned into. The poetry too is youthful in its appreciation of time. The boy has all life before him; and he has no idea how little is that all. He is ready, with the Greek scholasticus, to accept the custody of a raven in order to see whether it really lives a hundred years. He can therefore put up with the slow motion, molecular, and not mechanical, which Mr. Tennyson assigns to the passions and development of men. "Had we but world enough, and time," says the old poet,

" My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow."

However contradictory this tardy action may be to the hot blood of youth, it falls in with the workings of the youth's brain, and with the metaphysics appropriate to his age. He can muse upon the idea, however impatient he might be of having to act upon it. Then the very monotony and narrowness of range in Mr. Tennyson's poems have their strict analogues in the youthful intelligence. The young intellect is the home of formal logic — of that logic which carries out the few principles it knows into all their deduced results, without check from the exceptional facts and modifying conditions which only a mature experience can supply. To such an intelligence the very perfection, however monotonous, with which Mr. Tennyson has carried out his ideal, and shed the phosphorescence of dreamland round the images of fact, must be a source of keen pleasure. If it is not logical, it is at least the dreamy substitute for logic, and therefore hyperlogical. For the poet may claim as fairly to be super logician, as the Emperor *supra grammaticam*. Again, Mr.

Tennyson's politics have all the graceful characteristics of the youth. Indeed, with a poet's tact, he very often puts his political utterances into the mouths of young university men. There is in these utterances, not the union, but the mixture, of three qualities — the refinement which keeps a man apart from violent action in the present, the dreamy faith in the past, and the unborn movement within which whispers of a better future; all these are found fermenting in the young heart and brain, as well as in Mr. Tennyson's poetry. Then his politics have in them the sympathetic enthusiasm of youth, and all its admiration, not for the hidden great, whom the want of research disables the young from comprehending, but for the main actors on the world's stage, for the acknowledged great, especially when they are in temporary disfavour. He has also, to the full, the patriotic confidence which might be so graceful and becoming in the young midshipman; and, with all his overflowing disgust at the sordid knaveries of a life given up to trade, he grows dithyrambic over the greedy gripes who becomes a determined patriot when his country is in danger, and over the dissolute drawler who in the battle can face his enemy like a hero. Such sudden resurrections of his countrymen out of the mud into the clear firmament seem to give the poet a new confidence in the surpassing excellence of the clay out of which English nature is moulded; and he has more joy over such repentances than over any amount of steady excellence, wearisome in its sameness. In all this there is a youthfulness of sentiment, which must carry with it all the youthful sympathies left even in mature readers. Such readers will also recognize a wealth of imagination and illustration which could only be looked for from the mind of the grown man, and a versatility and familiarity with the technical resources of his art which are incompatible with an artist literally youthful. But the satisfaction of the mature reader with Mr. Tennyson will hardly stand the test of too much repetition, and, still less, of comparison with profounder poets. His characters come out not as real men, but as boys and girls acting the parts of men and women in their Christmas games. The words he puts into their mouths are full of beauty and refinement; but they illustrate only a narrow segment of that humanity which it is the privilege of poetry, at its highest power, to exhibit in myriad-sided completeness.

*CHAPTER XXIX.

In Jochen Nüssler's house, there was great joy and pleasure: Gottlieb was elected, was really chosen to be a pastor, and whom had he especially to thank for it? Who else, but our good, old, simple Pomuchelskopp; he gave the decisive vote. "Hanning," said our old friend, in the church, while the three young candidates, in anguish and fear, were taking their turns in the pulpit, contending for the parish; "Hanning," said he, as Gottlieb concluded, and wiped the sweat from his pale face, — "Klucking, we will choose this one, he is the stupidest."

"If you are only sure of it," said his dear wife, "how can you tell one block-head from another?"

"Küking," said Pomuchelskopp, taking no notice of his wife's pleasantry, perhaps because he was so accustomed to it, perhaps because Gottlieb's sermon had touched him, for Gottlieb had preached from the text, "Forgive your enemies," — "Hanning, the first, the one with the red face, is a son of old Fächter Hamann, and like goes to like, you should see, he would farm it himself; and the second, see! he is a sly one, Gustaving saw him looking at the field, a little while ago, and he asked the Pastor's coachman who took care of the Pastor's barn, the thing was tumbling to pieces. Neither of them would do; the rector's son is our man."

"He who reckons wrong, reckons twice," said Hanning.

"I am not reckoning wrong," said Pomuchelskopp, "the Herr von Rambow and Nüssler have declined the business, in writing, the young man cannot farm it himself, he is too stupid, and I need not allow an under-pächter; he must rent the field to me, and I have it in my own hands, I can say, 'So much, and not a shilling more!'"

And so Gottlieb was elected, for nearly all the votes were given for him, only a couple of day-laborers from Rexow voted for their master, Jochen Nüssler. It was merely a mistake, for they believed it was all the same, and it was done in friendship.

And in Jochen Nüssler's house, there was great joy and pleasure, and the two little twin-apples were floating in bright sunshine, down a clear brook, and nestled close to each other, and Mining floated joyously with her sister, although her own prospects were not so brilliant. But she had a little personal ground of rejoicing; her father, young Jochen, had come in from the field one day, and said this everlasting working was too hard for him, he wished

Rudolph were there; and Mother had said he ought to be ashamed of himself, he was still a young fellow; and father had said, "Well, he would manage a little longer;" but it was the beginning of the final blessedness, and the thing was a little hook for her hopes to hang upon.

With Lining, however, all was settled and arranged, and the outfit was purchased, and Frau Nüssler's living-room looked like a spinning-room and cotton factory; here was spinning, and there was knitting, there was sewing and embroidering, and twisting and reeling, and skeins were wound on and wound off, and every one had his share, even young Jochen, and young Bansch. Young Jochen was employed as yarn-winder, and sat up stiffly, with his pipe in his mouth, and held out his arms with a skein of yarn, and his wife stood before him and wound it off, and when he believed he was to have a little relief, there came Lining, and then Mining, and he was a conquered man; but young Bansch had his share, also, they were always treading on his toes, and no one had so much reason to curse this wedding as young Bansch, till, at last, he retired from the business altogether, esteeming the rubbish-heap in the farm-yard a more comfortable place than a room where an outfit was being prepared.

"So," said Frau Nüssler one evening, folding her hands in her lap, "Bräsig, for all I care, they may be married to-morrow, I am ready with everything."

"Well," said Bräsig, "then make your preparations, for the Pietist and Lining are sure to be ready too."

"Ah, Bräsig, how you talk! The principal thing is still wanting, the government has not given its assent to the parish — What do you call the thing?"

"Ah yes, I know. You mean the vocation, as it is generally called, but I think vocations is the right word, because the blessed Pastor Behrens, in my younger days, always said vocations."

At this moment, Krischan the coachman came in at the door: "Good evening, Madam, and here are the papers."

"Are there no letters?" asked Frau Nüssler.

"Yes," said Krischan, "there was a letter."

"Why didn't you bring it then?"

"Well," said Krischan, tossing his head, as if such stupidity could not be laid to his charge, "there was some trespass-money charged for it, and I hadn't so much by me."

"What did it cost?"

"Now just think of it, eight thalers! And they said there was a post-express or a post-payment, or something of that sort,—perhaps it was brought with post-horses,—and it was for a young Herr, who is our bridegroom."

"Good gracious, Krischan, such an expensive letter as that! From whom could it be?"

"I know something," said Krischan, "but I daren't say it," and he looked at Bräsig.

"Before the Herr Inspector, you may say anything," said Frau Nüssler.

"For all I care!" said Krischan. "It was from some woman-creature, but I have forgotten the name."

"From a woman!" exclaimed Frau Nüssler, "to my son-in-law! and eight thalers to pay!"

"Everything comes to light!" said Bräsig, "even the Pietists get found out!"

"Yes; it all comes out!" said Krischan, going out of the room.

"Krischan," Frau Nüssler sprang up, "you must go to Rahnstadt to-morrow with the rye; ask particularly about the name, and I will give you eight thalers, I must have the letter."

"Good, Madam," said Krischan, "I will get it."

"Bräsig," cried Frau Nüssler, throwing herself into her arm-chair, so that the poor old thing groaned with her weight, "what has my son-in-law to do with a woman?"

"I don't know," said Bräsig. "I am wholly unacquainted with his affairs, since I don't trouble myself about secrets. Hear to the end, says Kotelmann, to-morrow we shall know."

"But this Gottlieb, this quiet man!" exclaimed Frau Nüssler.

"The Pietists are not wholly to be trusted," said Bräsig. "Never trust a Jesuit!"

"Bräsig!" cried Frau Nüssler, and the old chair shrieked aloud, as she sprang up, "if there is something concealed here, I shall take back my child. If Rudolph had done it, I could have forgiven him, for he is a rough colt, and there is no secrecy about him; but Gottlieb? No, never in my life! One who can set himself up for a saint, and then do such a trick—don't come near me! I want nothing to do with such people!"

And when Gottlieb came to the table that evening, his future mother-in-law looked at him askance, as if she were a shop clerk, and he were trying to cheat her with a bad groschen. And when he asked

Lining, after supper, if she would take a glass of fresh water up to his room, she told him Lining had something else to do, and when Gottlieb turned to Marik, the waiting-maid, she told him he might go to the pump himself, he could do it as well as Marik. And so she speedily drew a magic circle around him, over which no woman might pass.

As they sat at table next morning, Krischan came to the door, and beckoned to Frau Nüssler; "Madam, Oh, just a word." And Frau Nüssler motioned to Bräsig, and the two old lovers went out with Krischan into the hall.

"Here it is," said Krischan, pulling out a great letter, from his waist-coat pocket, "and I know the name of the woman, too."

"Well?" asked Frau Nüssler.

"Yes," whispered Krischan privately into Frau Nüssler's ear. "Mine is her own name, and Sterium is her father's name."

"What? Is her name Mine Sterium?"

"Hoho!" cried Bräsig, snatching the letter from Frau Nüssler's hand, "that comes from ignorance of outlandish names, that is the vocation of the Ministerium," and he opened the door, and shouted into room: "Hurrah! You old Pietist, you! Here it is, and next week is the wedding!"

And Frau Nüssler fell upon old Gottlieb's neck, and kissed him, and cried, "Gottlieb, my dear Gottlieb, I have done you a great wrong: never mind, Gottlieb, Lining shall take up water for you, every evening, and the wedding shall be whenever you please."

"But what is it?" asked Gottlieb.

"No, Gottlieb, I cannot tell you yet; it is too shameful, but when you have been married three years, I will tell you all about it."

The wedding was celebrated, and a great deal might be told about it, how Mining and her sister Lining wept bitterly after the ceremony, how Gottlieb looked really handsome, since Lining had cut off the long locks, like rusty wheel-nails, out of his neck. But I will tell nothing about this wedding, but what I saw myself, and that was, the next morning, at half-past three, the two old friends young Jochen and young Banschan, lying on the sofa, arm in arm, asleep.

Habermann was at the wedding, very silent, his Louise was there also, her inmost heart full of love for her little Lining, but she was also silent, quietly happy; Frau Pastorin had declined her invitation,

but when the guests were crowding about the bride and bridegroom, and Jochen, afterwards, was trying to say a word also, the door opened, and the Frau Pastorin came in, in her widow's mourning, into the bright marriage joy, and she threw her arms around Lining's neck saying:

"I bless you, I bless you from my heart, and may you be as happy there as I have been. You are now the nearest to him," and she kissed and caressed her, and then turned quickly away, and went, without greeting any one, to the door; there she said, "Habermann!"

But she need not have spoken, for he stood by her already, and when she was in the carriage, he sat by her side, and they drove back to Gurlitz.

At Gurlitz, they got out of the carriage, the pastor's coachman, Jörn, must wait,—and went to the churchyard, and they held each other by the hand, and looked at the green grave, on which bright flowers were growing, and as they turned away, she said with a deep, deep sigh, as when one has drained a full cup, "Habermann, I am ready," and he placed her in the carriage, and drove with her to Rahnstadt.

"Louise is discreet," she said, "she took charge of everything for me, this morning."

They went together through the new house, and the little Frau Pastorin thanked him, and kissed him, for his friendship, that he had arranged everything just as it was in Gurlitz, and she looked out of the window, and said, "Everything, everything, but no grave!"

They stood for a long time at the window, then Habermann pressed her hand, and said, "Frau Pastorin, I have a favor to ask, I have given notice to Herr von Rambow, and shall leave next Christmas; can you spare me the little gable room, and will you take me at your table?"

At a less agitated moment, she would have had much to ask, and much to say; but now she said merely.

"Where Louise and I live, you are always the nearest."

Yes, so it is in the world, what is one's joy is another's sorrow, and weddings and graves lie close together, and yet the distance between them is wider than between summer heat and winter cold; but there is a wonderful kind of people in the world,—if one seeks one can find them,—who can throw a kind of wonderful, heaven-climbing bridges, from one heart

to another, over the gulfs which the world has torn open, and such a bridge was built between the little, round Pastors' wives, Lining of Rexow, and Frau Pastorin of Rahnstadt; and when the key stone was dropped into place, exactly over the parsonage at Gurlitz, they fell into each other's arms, and held so fast together that to their life's end they were never parted.

And our old Gottlieb! He did his share, he brought stones and mortar,—he had but a brief experience in the pastoral office; but I must say that, when he preached his entrance sermon, he thought less of himself than of his faithful predecessor, the old Pastor Behrens.

"He sticks to common sense," said Bräsig, as he came out of the church, and he patted Lining's cheek, and gave Mining a kiss. "The pietists often become very reasonable people; but they think too much of the devil. I have a very good pietist acquaintance, that is the Pastor Mehlsack, a really clever man, but he is so taken up with the devil that he says scarcely anything about the Lord; and there is the pastor in the beautiful Krakow region, who has paddagraphically discovered that there are three hundred, three and thirty thousand different devils running about the world, not counting the regular devil and his grandmother. And you see, Lining, what an inconvenience it is for us: you sit down in Rahnstadt with your good friends around a punch bowl, and you drink to this one, and to that one, and then to another, and at your side sits a gentleman in a brown dress-coat,—for the devil always wears a brown dress-coat, he must, that is his uniform,—and he talks, the whole evening, very friendly things to you, and when you wake up next morning there he stands before you, and says, "Good morning! you signed yourself to me last evening," and then he shows you his cloven foot, and if he is polite he takes out his tail, and slaps you over the ears with it, and there you are, his rightful property. So it is with the honest Pietists, the others are a great deal worse."

And so Gottlieb and Lining were settled in the pastor's house, and Mining was naturally much with them, and it often happened that good old Gottlieb embraced Mining, in the twilight, and gave her a kiss, instead of Lining; but it was all in friendship, he had no other design.

But Pomuchelskopp had a design, when he came with his wife and Malchen and Salchen to make their first call on the

young Herr Pastor. And this design was the pastor's acre, and the blue dress-coat with the gilt buttons said to the black coat he would take the field, and offered him just half the sum which the Herr von Rambow had given, and our old Hanning stood up and said, that was all it was worth, and it could not be otherwise disposed of, for Jochen Nüssler had declined it, and old Gottlieb stood there bowing to the blue dress-coat, and was going to say "yes," when Lining sprang up like a ball, out of the sofa-corner, and said, "Hold! In this business, I have a word to say. We must consult other people," and she called, from the door, "uncle Bräsig, will you come in, a moment?"

And he came, placing himself audaciously in a linen frock, before the blue dress-coat, and asked, "How so?"

And Lining sprang towards him saying, "Uncle Bräsig, the field shall not be rented. It will be my chief pleasure."

"So it shall not, my dear Frau Pastorin Lining," and he bent down, and gave her a kiss, "I will farm it for you my personal self."

"I am not obliged to allow an under-pächter," cried Pomuchelskopp.

"Nor shall you, nor shall you, Herr Zamel! I will merely manage it as inspector for the Herr Pastor himself."

"Herr Nüssler gave it to me in writing."

"That you are a blockhead!" said his Hanning, and drew him angrily out of the room.

"My dear Herr Pastor," said uncle Bräsig, going with Gottlieb into the garden, "you have not to thank me for this arrangement, but only your dear wife, Lining. It is really worthy of notice, how positive these innocent little creatures become, after they are married. Well, never mind, perhaps they know best. You, from your Christian stand-point, about the blows on the right and left cheeks, you will read me a lecture about hatred, but hatred must be, — where there is no hate, there is no love, and the story of the blows is all nonsense to me. I have a hatred, I hate Zamel Pomuchelskopp! Why? How? What? He says 'Sie' to you, and wouldn't you hate him?"

"My dear Herr Inspector, this wicked axiom —" and he would, in his new office of pastor, have preached the old man a sharp sermon, as he had before about fishing if, Lining had not fortunately come along, and throwing her arms around his neck cried, "uncle Bräsig, uncle Bräsig, how shall we repay you for giving up your leisure for us?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Lining, where there is hate there is also love; but did you notice how I called him merely Herr Zamel, although he was christened by the more distinguished name, 'Zamwel'?"

"You mean Samuel," interrupted Gottlieb.

"No, Herr Pastor, 'Samuel' is a Jew's name, and although he is a real Jew, — that is, a white one, — he was baptized by the Christian name of Zamwel, and his wife by the name of Karnallje."

"Uncle Bräsig," cried Lining, laughing heartily, "how you mix things together! Her name is Cornelia."

"It is possible, Lining, that she lets herself be called so now, because she is ashamed of it, but I have seen it with my very eyes. The old pastor at Bobzin had died; and the sexton had to keep the church books, and there it stood; 'Herr Zamwel Pomuchelskopp to Fräulein Karnallje Klätterpott,' for she is a born Klätterpott, and she is a Karnallje too. But, Lining, let her go; they shall not trouble us, and we two will have a pleasant time together, and you shall give me the little corner room, that overlooks the yard, and the devil must be in it, if in a year and a day, our young pastor isn't in a condition to farm his land himself. And now, adieu," and he went off, the old heathen, who could not give up his hatred.

But he who will hate, must expect to be hated in turn; and nobody was more hated that day than uncle Bräsig. When the Pomuchelskops had reached home, Hanning stroked the quiet, simple father of a family, and Mecklenburg law-giver, the wrong way, and stung his poor knightly flesh with thorns and nettles, and the constant conclusion of her satirical remarks was: "Yes, Kopp, you are as prudent as the Danish horses, that come home three days before it rains!"

At last, our old friend could bear it no longer, he sprang up out of his sofa-corner, and cried:

"Malchen, I beg of you, have I not always cared for you as a father?"

But Malchen was as deep in the Rostock Times, as if her own bethrothal were recorded there.

"Salchen, is it my fault that the world is so bad?"

"But Salchen embroidered earnestly on the flesh of a little cupid, and sighed, as if it were a pity that her dear father were not the little cupid; and to fill his cup, Gustaving came in, and rattled the keys on the board, as if he was attempt-

ing to set this lovely family scene to appropriate music.

But too much is too much! Human nature can bear only a limited amount; our old friend must show his refractory family that he was master in his own house, so he ran out of the room, and left them alone; he ran into the garden, as far as the sundial, but what good did it do? He had exercised his rightful power on his own flesh and blood, but he himself was no happier, for before his eyes lay the pastor's acre, the beautiful pastor's acre. And beyond lay Pumpelshagen, fair, fair Pumpelshagen, which rightfully belonged to him, for he had given for the Pastor's acre two thousand thalers, payment in advance, and how much more to Slusuhr and David, and that beggar, the Herr von Rambow! He could not bear the sight, he turned away, and looked up into the blue harvest heaven, and asked, was there no righteousness left in the world?

Then came Phillipping, and tugged at his blue dress-coat,—for out of spite to his Hanning, he had kept it on, against all law and order,—and said the Herr von Rambow was there, and wished to speak to him.

The Herr von Rambow? Come, wait! now he had one whom he could torment in turn, upon whom he could avenge the sufferings his family had caused him; the Herr von Rambow? wait! he was going in, but there he came himself, towards him.

"Good morning, my respected Herr neighbor, how are you? I wanted to learn how it has gone about the pastor's acre."

So? Pastor's acre? No, wait, don't let him see it! Pomuchelskopp looked down at the little bit of a nose which nature had given him, and said not a word.

"Now, how has it been?" asked Axel. But Pomuchelskopp said neither good nor bad, and looked along his nose, as if it extended for miles.

"My dear Herr Neighbor, what is the matter? It is all right, I hope?"

"I hope so," said Muchel, stooping to pull a weed out of the potatoes; "at least your note for the two thousand thalers is all right."

"What?" asked Axel, astonished, "what has that to do with it?"

Wait, Axel! that is all coming right; keep still! he only wants to tease you a little. What must be, must.

"You, Herr von Rambow," said Muchel, still plucking weeds, and turning a red face up to the young Herr, "you have the

two thousand thalers, and I the Pastor's acre,—that is to say, I haven't it."

"But, Herr Neighbor, you were so sure" —

"Not nearly so sure as you, you have the two thousand thalers—haven't you? You got them? and I"—and he shook his left leg, and thrust the words out from his chest, "and I—I have—the devil!"

"But —"

"Ah, let your 'Buts' alone, I have heard 'Buts' enough this morning; our business is about these notes," and he felt in his pocket, "So! I have another coat on, and have not the pocket by me where they are. One was due three weeks ago."

"But, my dear Herr Neighbor, how came you to think of it just to-day? It is not my fault, that you have not been able to rent the acre."

It does you no good, Axel, keep still! He'll not do anything, only torment you a little. Pomuchelskopp had heard too much already to-day, about that cursed field, to trouble himself about it any longer, so he passed by Axel's remark, and took another turn at the screw.

"I am an amiable man, I am a friendly man; the people say, also, that I am a rich man, but I am not rich enough to throw my money into the street, I cannot afford that yet. But, Herr von Rambow, I must see something, I must see something. I must see that the soul stays in a gentleman, and when one has signed a note, then he must also see —"

"My best Herr Neighbor," interrupted Axel, in great distress, "I had clean forgotten it. I beg you—I had not thought of it at all."

"So?" asked Muchel, "not thought of it? But a man *should* think, and"—he was going on, but his eye fell upon Pumpelshagen; no! don't let him notice! why should he shake the tree, the plums were not yet ripe. "And," he continued, "I owe all this to my friendship for that miserable fellow, that Bräsig. So he has repaid the kindnesses I did him in his youth. I lent him money when he wanted to buy a watch, he has worn trousers of mine when his were torn, and now? Ah! I know well how it all hangs together,—that old hypocrite, Habermann, is behind."

Give the devil a finger, and he soon takes the whole hand, and then he leads you whither he will, and if it suits his humour, he holds you before him, and you must pray in distress and sorrow, in anguish and pain.

So it was with Axel; he must agree, in a friendly way, with the Herr Proprietor, he must hew at the same timber, against his honor and conscience, he must slander Bräsig and Habermann. Why? Because the devil, with his note in his hand, pressed him down on his knees. And he did it, too; the gay, careless lieutenant of cuirassiers lay on his knees before the devil, and talked all sorts of malice and detraction concerning Bräsig and Habermann, to appease his old Moloch, in the blue dress-coat; he was a traitor to his best friends, he was a traitor to his God. But when he came to himself sufficiently to be aware of what he had done, he was full of self-contempt, and rode hastily away from the house, where he had left a great part of his honor.

He rode home, and as he came to the boundary of his fields, he saw Habermann, in the oppressive heat of the sun, following the sowing-machine, and preparing everything for the seed-time, and for whom? For *himself*, he must answer, and the coals of fire burned his head. And when he had ridden a little farther, a linen frock appeared before him, and Uncle Bräsig came toiling up, shouting across the field, "Good day, Karl! I am on the right apropos, that is to say on a preliminary cow business and it is all right; we are going to farm it ourselves, and Zamel Pomuchelskopp may go hang;" and then he heard Axel's horse, and turned round, and the worm, that was gnawing in Axel's breast, made him a little more friendly to the old fellow, and he said:

"Good day, Herr Inspector! What? always on your legs?"

"Why not, Herr Lieutenant? They still hold out, in spite of the Podagra, and I have undertaken to procure an inventory for the young pastor people, and am on my way to Gulzow, to Bauer Pügal; he has a couple of milch cows, that I want to acquire for the Herr Pastor."

"You understand all the details of farming, Herr Inspector?" asked Axel, in order to be friendly.

"Thank God," said Bräsig, "I am so well acquainted with all the details, that I don't need to learn them at all. One of our kind needs only to cast an eye at anything, and he knows just how it is. Do you see, I was yesterday," and he pointed over to Axel's paddocks, "down by your Podexes, and I saw that the mares and the colts were all down in the lowest one, and why? They steal the oats out of the crib, and if you want them to come to anything, you must put a padlock on."

Axel looked sharply at him: was this a piece of pure malice on the old fellow's part? Of course! He gave his horse the spur: "Adieu!"

"If the blockhead won't take it, he need not!" said Bräsig, looking after him. "I meant it well enough. It looks to me as if the young nobleman—well, take care! You will yet come, on your hands and feet, to your senses. Karl," he cried, across the field, "he has pushed me off again!" and he went away, on his cow business.

CHAPTER XXX.

WINTER had come again, and the world must open to the rough guest.

When he comes properly, let him come in, and welcome; but when he comes at Christmas, with a wet shaggy coat, and fills one's room with mud, and his boots smell of train-oil, he may stay away for all me.

But this time he came differently. He came, as he has often come to my door, with ringing bells, and a snapping whip, and two gray horses before the sleigh, stamping their feet, and he sprang from the sleigh exactly like Wilhelm of Siden Vollentin, and rubbed his blue, frosty cheeks, and thrashed his arms about his body, once—twice—thrice. "Good morning, Herr Reuter, I have come for you. Compliments of the Herr and of the Frau, and you need only step into the sleigh, for there are heaps of foot-sacks and wraps there, and to-morrow is Christmas eve, and little Hans charged me to drive fast."

Yes, when he comes like that, we both sing, my wife and I, "Come in, come in, thou welcome guest!" and we treat the old fellow to a glass of wine, and then get into the sleigh, and off we go,—ten miles an hour,—and when old Winter sets us down at the door of Vollentin, Fritz Peiters says, "Why the devil have you been so long on the road?" and the Frau kisses my wife, and takes off her wrappings, and says to me, "Uncle Reuter, I have got you short kale and long sausage," and the two girls, Lising and Anning, whom I have so often carried in my arms when they were tiny little things, come and give their old uncle a kiss, and then hang about my dear wife, and Fritz and Max come, who are now at the great Anclam gymnasium and greet us with a hearty shake of the hand, and little Hans, who has been waiting his turn, comes, and jumps and frolics around me, and climbs on my left knee, and there I

must. hold him, the whole evening. And then little Ernest, the nestling, is presented, and we stand about this little wonder of the world, and clap our hands at his wisdom and understanding, and then comes *grandmother*. And then begin the winter and Christmas pleasures, the tree blazes, and the yule raps are rapped, and then comes a yule rap from my dear wife, with a poem, the only one she ever wrote in her life: "Here I sit, and here I sing, and ask for nothing more"—and the melody goes no further, but it is enough of the kind.

And then comes the first Christmas day, and all is so solemn and still, and our Lord strews the white snow flakes, like down, on the earth, that no noise may be heard. And the second Christmas day comes, and then come the Herr Pastor Pieper, and the Frau Pastorin, and the Herr Superintendent and his wife, and then comes Anna, who is my darling, for she used to be my scholar; and then comes the Frau Doctor Adam, and the Frau Oberamtmann Schönermark, and Lucia Dolle, she sits on the left hand of the Adam and on the right of the Schönermark, that is between them,—and then! yes, then comes a round ball driving up, and the Herr Doctor Dolle sits beside the ball, and rolls it out of the sleigh, and gives it to a couple of maids who stand ready,—for they have experience in the matter—and they unwind from the ball furs and cloaks and comforters and foot-sacks, until the Herr Justizrath Schröder comes to light. But he is not finished yet, by a great deal. He must sit down in a chair, and Fika takes one foot, and Marik the other, and they pull off his great fur boots, while I hold him by his shoulders, lest they should drag him off the chair.

Then comes another sleigh!—and out springs Rudolph Kurz, jumping clear over the coachman's whip, and behind him comes Hilgendorf. Do you know Hilgendorf? Hilgendorf, our Rudolph's principal? No? Let me tell you, then, in a word, Hilgendorf is a natural curiosity, he has ivory bones,—“pure ivory,” and so strongly is this proprietor put together by nature, that one who ventures to slap him on the shoulder or the knee gets black and blue spots, merely on account of the ivory.

Then we drink coffee, and the Herr Justizrath tells stories, wonderful stories, and he tells them with *much fire*, that is to say, he is always lighting fresh matches, because he is constantly letting his pipe go out, and before long he has smoked up

the whole cupful of lighters, and Max is stationed beside him, for the express purpose of keeping him supplied. And then we play whist, with Von der Heyt and Manteufel, and all the old tricks and dodges, for otherwise the Herr Justizrath will not play. Then comes supper, and over the rabbit and roast goose, the Herr Justizrath makes the finest poetry, with the drollest rhymes, and there is great applause, and when we rise from table, we press each other's hands, and separate in peace and joy, each happy face saying, “Well, next year, again!”

But in Pumpelhagen, this year, there was no such merry Christmas; winter had come, fine and clear; but that which makes it welcome, the close meeting of heart with heart, had stopped outside, instead of coming in, bringing joy by the coat-collar. Each sat with his own thoughts, no one exchanged his love for another's, Fritz Triddelsitz and Marie Möller excepted, who sat together, the afternoon of the second holiday, and eat gingernuts, until Fritz said, “No, I cannot eat more, Marik, for to-morrow I shall have to ride to Demmin, to deliver three tons of wheat; and if I should eat any more gingernuts, it might make me sick, and I should not like that; and then I must pack up our books for the circulating library, to exchange them in Demmin, so that we may have something to read, in the evenings,” and then he got up, and went to look after his mare, and Marie Möller had a misgiving that the heart could not wholly belong to her, whose affections she shared with a horse.

In another room, Habermann sat, alone with his thoughts, and they were serious enough, when he reflected that his working on this earth had come to an end, and that he might henceforth fold his hands in his lap; and they were sad enough, when he reflected what an end it was, and how the seed he had sowed for a blessing seemed to have sprung up as a curse. In still another room sat Axel and Frida, together indeed, yet each was lonely, for each had his own thoughts, and was shy of exposing them to the other. They sat in silence, Frida quietly thoughtful, Axel out of humor; then sleigh bells were heard in the court, and Pomuchelskopp drove up to the door. Frida took up her needle-work, and left the room; Axel must receive the Herr Neighbor alone.

A regular agricultural talk, about horse-raising and the price of wheat, was soon in progress between the two gentlemen, and the holiday afternoon would have

passed innocently and peacefully enough, if Daniel Sadenwater had not brought in the mail-bag. Axel opened it, and finding in it a letter to Habermann, was about handing it to Daniel to deliver, when he saw his own arms on the seal, and, as he looked nearer, recognized his cousin's handwriting.

"Is that confounded affair still going on, behind my back?" he exclaimed, almost throwing the letter in Daniel's face: "To the inspector!"

Daniel went off, astonished, and Pomuchelskopp inquired, very compassionately, what had happened to vex the young Herr.

"Isn't it enough to vex one, when my blockhead of a cousin obstinately persists in his silly romance, with this old hypocrite and his daughter?"

"Oh!" said Pomuchelskopp, "and I thought that was at an end, long ago. I was told that your Herr Cousin, upon hearing the report, which is in everybody's mouth, had broken off the business suddenly, and would have nothing more to do with them."

"What report?" asked Axel.

"Why about your inspector and the day-laborer, Regel was his name, and the two thousand thalers."

"Tell me, what do the people say?"

"Now, you know already. I thought you had given the old man notice because of it."

"I know nothing of it, tell me!"

"Why it is universally known. People say, Habermann and the day-laborer made a compromise; the inspector let the fellow get off, and had half, or more, of the stolen money, and he gave him a recommendation, upon which he got taken on as a sailor, in Wisman."

Axel ran about the room. "It is not possible! I cannot have been so shamefully betrayed!"

"Ah! and the people say, also, that the two had planned it all out, beforehand; but that I do not believe."

"And why not? What was the old sinner contriving with the woman, behind my back? The fellow, who had always been sober before, must be intoxicated, at this particular time!"

"Yes, but the burgomeister of Rahnstadt himself noticed that."

"Oh, the burgomeister! What could one do, with such a trial-justice? Now he thinks it was a poor weaver's wife who stole the money from the laborer on the highway. And why? Merely because she tried to get change for a Danish double

louis-d'or, which she had found; for she sticks to that story, and the wise Herr Burgomeister has been obliged to let her go."

"Yes, and the one who saw the lousid'or, Kurz, the shop keeper, is a connection of Habermann's."

"Ah!" cried Axel, "I would give a thousand thalers more, if I could get to the bottom of this meanness."

"It would be a hard task," said Pomuchelskopp, "but, in the first place, I would — when does he go?"

"Habermann? To-morrow."

"Well, I would examine his books with the greatest care; there is no knowing but they may be wrong, also. Look particularly at the money account; one often finds out something in that way. He seems to be in pretty good circumstances; he is going to live in Rahnstadt, on his interest. Well, he has been in a good place, for many years; but I know for a certainty, that he had old debts to pay which were not insignificant. Lately, as I have learned from Slusuhr, the notary, he has done a considerable money business at high rates of interest, with his few groschen, perhaps also with money belonging to the estate."

"Oh!" exclaimed Axel, "and once when I asked him" — he stopped abruptly, not wishing to betray himself, but a feeling of hatred arose in him, as he thought that Habermann might have helped him then, and would not, because he did not offer him high enough interest.

Nothing of importance was said, after this, for each had enough to occupy him in his own thoughts; and when Pomuchelskopp drove home, well satisfied with his management, he left the young Herr von Rambow in such a bitter, venomous state of mind, that he was angry with himself and everybody else, and could not sleep the whole night, for hateful thoughts.

In a third room, at Pumpelbogen, was another lonely man; Habermann sat before his desk, with his books lying open, and was going over the last month's accounts once more. Ever since he had managed for his young Herr, he had brought in his accounts, every quarter, for examination; but at one time the young Herr was too hurried to attend to them, and at another he said; "Yes it is all right;" but scarcely looked at them, and again he said it was quite unnecessary for him to examine them. Habermann, however, had not taken advantage of this neglect; he kept his books very carefully, as he had always been in the habit of doing,

and insisted that Fritz Triddelsitz should put down his grain account regularly, every week, and on this point, if anything was wrong, he scolded Fritz much more sharply, than about other things.

As the old man sat at his work, Fritz came in, and asked about one thing and another connected with his journey to Demmin, and when Habermann had given him his instructions, and he was going out, the old man called after him, "Triddelsitz, have you made out your grain account?"

"Yes," said Fritz, "that is, I have begun it."

"Well, I wish you to finish it, this evening, and take care that it balances better than the last."

"All right," said Fritz, and went out. Daniel Sadenwater came in, and brought the inspector a letter; the old man got up, and seated himself by the window, and when he recognized Franz's hand, his heart beat quicker, and as he read and read, his eyes grew bright, a great joy beamed upon his heart and thawed all the frost and ice which had lately gathered there, just as the sun melts the snow from the roofs, and it falls in drops to the ground. He read and read, and his eyes grew moist, and tears dropped softly on the paper.

Franz wrote him how he had heard that Habermann was to leave Pumpelhagen, and was now, therefore, free; that, under the circumstances, the consideration he had hitherto exercised toward Axel must give way to Franz's own earnest wishes, which left him no peace, and drove him, though in spite of her father's request, to write to Louise herself; and he enclosed a letter which he begged Habermann to deliver to his daughter, and which he hoped might make three people truly happy.

The old man's hands trembled, as he laid the letter to his child in his pocket-book, his knees shook, as he walked up and down, so much was he agitated by the thought that upon the step which he was about to take depended the happy or unhappy future of his child; he seated himself in the sofa-corner, and it was long before he was composed enough to look at the matter with deliberation. So the morning sea rages in wild waves, and at noon, they are less boisterous, but it still looks dark and threatening over the water, and at evening the smooth mirror reflects the blue heavens, and the light summer clouds drift across it, and the setting sun frames the picture in his golden rays.

So it was with the old man; as the waves of emotion subsided, grave thoughts

came over him; he asked himself, earnestly and carefully, whether it would be right for him to yield, whether he would violate his obligations, if he said, "Yes," against the will of his young master.

But what obligations had he, to a man who had rewarded him with ingratitude, who had driven him away, almost with shame and disgrace? None at all. And the pride rose in him, which one in a dependent position must so often repress, and which he only knows, who has a clear conscience; he would no longer sacrifice his best, most sacred feelings, to the ingratitude of an unreasonable boy, or the happiness of his child to an unjust, aristocratic prejudice. And when he had reached this conclusion, out of the tranquil sea shone the reflection of a lovely evening sky, and he sat long, gazing at the future of his two children, as at bright summer clouds drifting over it, and out of doors the setting sun was shining on the white snow, and its beams fell upon his white hair.

While he sat, absorbed in these happy thoughts, the door opened hastily, and Krischan Degel rushed in: "Herr Inspector, you must come, the Rubens mare has a dreadful colic, and I don't know what to do for her." The old man sprang up, and went in haste to the stables.

Scarcely had he gone, when Fritz Triddelsitz came in, carrying his travelling-bag, and the books for the circulating library, with some shirts and his proprietor's uniform, in which he meant to cut a figure at Demmin, and depositing them on a chair by the window, was about to begin packing when his eye fell upon Habermann's account-book, for the old man, in his agitation, had forgotten to put his book away.

"That just suits me," said Fritz, and took the book to enter his grain account, but he must carry it to the window, for it was growing quite dark.

He had not quite finished, when Krischan Degel rushed in again.

"Herr Triddelsitz, you are to go immediately—quick! to the granary, and bring a wrapping cloth, we are going to pack the mare in wet sheets."

When Fritz heard some one coming, he thrust Habermann's book behind him in the chair, and as Krischan hurried him off, thrusting the key of the granary into his hand, he left the book lying there, and ran out. At the door of the granary, he met Marie Möller, who had just come from milking. "Marie," said he, "do me the favor just to pack my things in the bag,—

they are all on the chair by the window, and don't forget the books!"

Marie did it, and in the twilight, and lost in her loving reflections, she packed up Habermann's account book with those which were to go back to the library.

When Habermann returned from the stables he locked up his desk without any premonition of evil, and the next morning Fritz Triddelsitz was off at cock-crowing, with his load of wheat, and his travelling-bag, also without any premonition of evil. When the old inspector had given the day-laborers their instructions, for the last time, he thought of his own affairs, and began to put up his luggage, that he might be ready to leave in the afternoon. He was not quite ready, when Daniel Sadenwater came in, and called him to the Herr von Rambow.

Axel had passed a very restless night, his best thorough-bred mare, on which he had set great hopes, had been sick, the flea, which Pomuchelskopp had put in his ear, had stung him, he was annoyed at his unaccustomed position of managing for himself, and he must pay Habermann his salary, and also for the outlays which he had made in paying the laborers' wages, and he did not know how much it would be, or whether his cash would hold out. He could not humble himself however before the inspector, who had given him warning, so he must try to make some difficulty in the business, and discover some reason for refusing to pay him immediately. Such a reason would be hard to find; but he could pick a quarrel, and that might answer for a reason. A pitiable means, although a very usual means; and that Axel should resort to it, shows how rapidly his pride as a man and a nobleman was declining; but nothing drives a weak man to underhand ways quicker than the need of money, when he must keep up appearances, and "poor and proud" is a true proverb.

As Habermann entered, he turned to the window, and looked through the panes.

"Is the mare well again?"

"No," said Habermann, "she is still sick, I think it would be best to send for the horse doctor."

"I will give orders. But," he added, sitting down, and still gazing stiffly out of the window, "that comes from the stables, being no proper supervision of the stables, from feeding the spoiled musty hay."

"Herr von Rambow, you know, yourself, that the hay got wet, this summer, but it isn't musty. And you yourself undertook the oversight of the blood-horses, for, a few weeks ago, when I had ordered a

slight alteration in the stable, you forbade it, with hard words, and said you would take the horses under your own supervision."

"Very well! very well!" exclaimed Axel, leaving the window, and walking up and down the room, "we know all that, it is the old story."

Suddenly he stopped before Habermann, and looked him in the face, though a little unsteadily: "You are going to-day?"

"Yes," said Habermann, "according to our last arrangement——"

"I am not really obliged," interrupted the young Herr, "to let you go before Easter; you must at least stay till the day after New-Year's."

"That is true," said Habermann, "but——"

"Oh, it is all the same," said Axel, "but we must settle our accounts first. Go and get your books."

Habermann went.

Axel had already laid his plans, that he might not be embarrassed about his money affairs; when Habermann came with his books, he would say he had not time to examine them, and if Habermann insisted, he could mount his high horse, and say, the day after New Year's would be time enough. But he was to get off more comfortably, Habermann did not come back. He waited and waited, but Habermann did not come; at last, he sent Daniel after him, and with him there came the old man, but in great excitement, very pale, and crying, as he entered the room: "My God! what has happened! How is it possible, how can it be!"

"What is the matter?" inquired Axel.

"Herr von Rambow," cried Habermann, "yesterday afternoon, I balanced my grain and money accounts, and locked up the book in my desk, and now it is gone."

"Oh, that is admirable!" cried Axel, mockingly, and the seed which Pomuchelskopp had yesterday planted in his soul began to sprout and grow, and shoot up. "Yes, that is admirable! So long as no one wanted the book, it was there safe enough, but as soon as it is wanted, it is missing!"

"I beg of you," cried Habermann in anguish, "do not judge so rashly, it will be found, it must be found," and with that, he ran out again.

After a while, he returned, saying, in a weak voice: "It is not there; it has been stolen from me."

"Oh, that is charming!" exclaimed Axel, working himself into a passion. "At one time you say there is never any

stealing here,—you know, about my two thousand thalers,—and another time it must have been stolen,—just as it suits your convenience.”

“My God! my God!” cried the old man, “give me time, Herr!” and he clasped his hands. “Before God, my book is gone!”

“Yes!” exclaimed Axel, “and the day-laborer Regel is gone, too, and the people know *how* he got away, and my two thousand thalers are also gone, and people know *where* they have gone. Were they down in your book?” asked he, walking up to Habermann, and looking sharply in his face.

The old man looked at him, he looked around him to see where he was, his folded hands fell apart, and a fearful trembling went through his limbs, as when a great river breaks up its covering of ice, and the blood shot through his veins into his face, like the water in the great river, when it is free, and the blocks of ice tower up and the dam gives way: ‘Ware children of men!’

“Rascal!” he cried, and sprung at Axel, who had stepped back, as he saw the passion he had roused. “Rascal!” he cried, “my honest name!”

Axel reached towards the corner where a gun was standing.

“Rascal!” cried the old man again, “your gun, and my honest name!” and there ensued a struggle and a wrestling for the weapon, Habermann had caught it by the barrel, and tried to twist it out of his hand. Bang! it went off. “Oh, Lord!” cried Axel, and fell backwards towards the sofa; the old man stood over him, holding the gun in his hand. Then the door was torn open, and the young Frau rushed in, through the powder-smoke, to Axel: “Good Heavens, what is this!” and all the love which she had formerly cherished for him broke, like a ray of sunlight through the clouds which had obscured it, she threw herself down by him, and tore open his coat: “My God! my God! Blood!”

“Let it be!” said Axel, trying to raise himself, “it is the arm.”

The old man stood motionless, the gun in his hand; the stream had gone back to its bed, but how much human happiness had it ruined in its overflow! and the meadows and fields of fertile soil were covered with mud and sand, and it seemed as if nothing could ever grow there again.

Daniel came running in, and one of the maids, and, with their help, Axel

was lifted to the sofa, and his coat removed; his arm was dreadfully torn by the small shot, and the blood streamed to the floor.

“Go for the doctor!” cried the young Frau, trying to stanch the blood with cloths, but what she had at hand was not enough, she sprang up to fetch more, and must pass Habermann, who still stood there silent and pale, gazing at his master.

“Murderer!” cried she, as she went out, “murderer!” she repeated, as she came in again; the old man said nothing, but Axel raised himself a little and said: “No, Frida, no! he is not guilty of that,” for even an insincere man will give his God the glory, when he feels His hand close to his life; “but,” he added, for he could not avoid the old excusing and accusing, “he is a traitor, a thief. Out of my sight!”

The blood shot into the old man’s face again, he would have spoken, but he saw that the young Frau turned away from him, he staggered out of the door.

He went to his room; “He is a traitor, a thief,” kept ringing through his head. He placed himself at the window, and looked out into the yard, he saw all that was passing, but saw it as in a dream; “A traitor, a thief,” that was all he understood, that alone was real. Krischan Degel drove out of the yard, he knew he was going for the doctor, he opened the window, he wanted to call to him to drive as fast as possible; but—“a traitor, a thief,” he spoke it out, involuntarily; he closed the window. But the book! The book must be found. The book! He opened the chests and boxes which he had packed, he scattered his little possessions all about the room, he fell upon his old knees,—not to pray, for “he is a traitor, a thief,” but to feel with his cane under his desk, under his chest of drawers, under his bed; he must find the book, the book! But he found nothing. “A traitor, a thief.” He stood at the window again, he looked out; but he had his cane in his hand, what did he want of his cane? Would he go out? Yes, he would go out, he would go away, away from here!—away! He put on his hat, he went out of the door, and the gate. Whither? It was all one! it made no difference; but, from old habit, he took the path to Gurlitz. With the old way, came the old thoughts; “My child! my child!” he cried, “my honest name!” He felt in his breast pocket, yes, the pocket-book was there, he had his daughter’s happiness in his hands. What

should he do now? He had ruined this letter for his child, it was destroyed forever with his honest name and by this cursed shot! and the first bitter tears were wrung from his tormented soul, and with them his good conscience came back, and its soft hand made room in his constrained breast, so that he could draw breath again; but his honest name, and his child's happiness, were gone for ever. Oh, how happy he was yesterday, sitting in his room, with the letter in his hand that Franz had written to his daughter, what blessedness that letter was to bring her, what happiness would bloom from it, what a bright future he had painted! and now it was all gone and lost, and the brand which was impressed upon him must burn into the heart of his only child, and devour and consume it.

But what had his child to do with it? Why should it stand in the way of her happiness? No, no! The curse and disgrace of the father was visited upon the children, to the fourth generation, and the same thorny hedge, which would sever him now from all honest people, would interpose between his child and happiness. But he was innocent! Who would believe him, if he said so? Those whose white garments of innocence the world has once soiled with filth must walk in them through life; no one can wash them clean, even if our Lord should come down from heaven, and do signs and wonders, that innocence should be brought to light, — the world would not believe. "Oh!" he cried, "I know the world!" Then his eye fell upon Gurlitz, upon Pomuchelskopp's manor house, and out of a corner of his heart, which he had believed forever locked, rose a dark spirit and spread her black wings over him, so that the bright winter sunlight no longer fell upon him; this was hate, which sprang up in his

heart. The tears of compassion, which he had wept over his child, dried in his eyes, and the voice which had spoken in him, against his will, called again. "A traitor, a thief!" and the dark spirit moved her wings, and whispered thoughts to him, which flashed out like flames: "It is his doing, and we are enemies once more!" He went through Gurlitz, looking neither to the right nor the left, all which he had held dear had disappeared for him, he was merely conscious of his hatred, and that drove to a single aim, and in a definite path.

Bräsig stood in the way, near the Pastor's barn, he went to meet his old friend: "Good morning, Karl. Well, how is it? But what ails you?"

"Nothing, Bräsig. But leave me, let me alone! Come to-morrow to Rahnstadt, come to-morrow" and he passed on.

As he came to the elevation, beyond Gurlitz, from which Axel had first shown his young wife his fair estate of Pumpel-hagen, and where her warm heart had throbbled with such pure joy, he stood still, and looked back; it was the last point from which he could see the place where he had lived so many happy years, where he had suffered such fearful anguish, and where his honor and happiness had been turned to disgrace and misery. A tempest raged in his soul. "Miserable wretch! Liar! And she? 'Murderer,' she called me, and yet again, 'murderer!' and when she had spoken the shameful word she turned herself away from me. Your unhappiness will not wait long,—I could, and would, have turned it aside, I have watched over you, like a faithful dog, and like a dog, you have thrust me out; but"—and he walked on toward Rahnstadt, and hate hovered over him, on her dark wings.

A NEWSPAPER, in English and Spanish, called *El Observador*, has been established in San Juan del Norte, in Nicaragua. It has not been observed how this form of Anglo-Saxon propaganda is acting in various parts of the world, but particularly in the southern regions of America. In Nicaragua, Panama, Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres and Monte Video there is the one newspaper, chiefly in English, with one or two pages in Spanish. These papers, conducted by English or Americans, indulge in few literary flights: these they leave to the native press, and

go on soberly collecting local news, particularly as to the commercial and industrial progress of the country. A selection of articles from the English press is in the same vein. These papers, generally respectably and steadily conducted, exercise great local influence, and communicate abroad sound information as to the condition of the southern countries. Without engaging in hasty politics, they exercise the greater and sounder political influence.

Athenæum.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
CASTLE ST. ANGELO.

BY W. W. STORY.

PART III.

CHAPTER IV.

THE history of the fourteenth century, during the absence of the Popes at Avignon (from 1306 to 1377), is one of constant struggle between various factions and families, and between the partisans of Church and State. The Colonna and Orsini devastated Rome with their quarrels and contests, and the dissensions of Guelphs and Ghibellines created chaos throughout Italy. No sooner was a peace patched up between the contending parties than it was broken. At the time of the nomination of Benedict XII. in 1334, these two great houses had just been reconciled; but the election of the Pope was the signal for renewed hostilities, and still more bloodshed. Anarchy then reigned over Rome and all the surrounding country. The Campagna and provinces were ravaged by robbers, freebooters, and scattered bands of soldiers, whose will was law, and industry and commerce almost ceased to exist. In 1337, Jacopo Savelli attacked the Castle of St. Angelo, then in possession of Giovanni Colonna, and vainly endeavoured to reduce it by machines; and scarce a month or a week passed without some outbreak or other.

There were still, however, some vestiges of popular government in the assembly of thirteen magistrates, who were at the head of their respective wards, and were named Caporioni. But the Pope had long ago usurped the nomination of senator, after Brancalione's death, and conferred this title always upon some one of the powerful nobles, who, far from exercising his authority to keep the peace and execute the laws, employed it solely to break them for his own aggrandisement. After the Pope went to Avignon, there was nothing in Rome which could justly be called a government.

It was now that Cola di Rienzi rose and began to preach the "good estate" and to attack the nobles, rousing the enthusiasm of the people by his eloquent appeals to their patriotism, and his vehement denunciations of their oppressors. His well-known story is a romance and a tragedy which abler pens have written in detail, and which here can only be glanced at. He first appears as a youthful deputy to Avignon to pray for the return of the Pope to Rome; and though Petrarca was his colleague and friend who accompanied

him on his mission, Rienzi seems to have been the spokesman. On his return we find him in the Forum standing on some ancient fragment, and with strong and brave words calling upon his countrymen to awake from their apathy, shake off the tyrannous yoke of the nobles, rescue their country from the servitude into which it had fallen, and revindicate its ancient glory. The people listened. The nobles sneered and smiled. But Cola smiled not. He was enthusiastic and in earnest, and he carried the people with him.

Next we see him coming forth on the morning of the 20th of May 1347 from the Church of St. Giovanni, to which he had, by sound of trumpet, convoked the people to pray for the triumph of the "good estate." His head is uncovered, the Bishop of Orvieto is at his side; and surrounded by a crowd of youths, who share in his enthusiasm, and fill the air with shouts of joy, he marches down the steps of the church under the old portico of Octavia. Gonfalons and allegorical standards of justice, liberty, and peace, float before him, borne by friends of the good cause. A hundred armed men escort him, and crowds of adherents follow in his train. The procession slowly advances through the streets until it reaches the foot of the Capitol, and there pausing before the old basalt lions, he reads to them the constitution of the "good estate." The people accept it with cheers, and he is named Tribune by acclamation.

He had seized the opportunity, when Stefano Colonna was absent, to draw the curtain of this great revolutionary drama; and when this haughty noble returned, he affected to despise the Tribune and his government. He soon learned his mistake. One of the new Tribune's first acts was to send an order to Stefano Colonna to leave the city. The prince, furious at this presumption, tore the order to pieces, and threatened to throw Rienzi from the windows of the Capitol. Then sounded the great bell of the Capitol summoning the people to arms. They answered the appeal, and Colonna and the other most powerful nobles were forced to seek safety by instant flight.

Then began his remarkable career as Tribune. During its first days his rule was distinguished by justice, energy, and decision of purpose. Peace was again secured, authority established, law resumed, and liberty seemed about to be restored. But Rienzi's head was turned by his success. He assumed the pomp of a sovereign. He distributed titles, sur-

rounded himself with ceremonies, and multiplied feasts and processions. Flattered by the submission of most of the Italian States to his authority, his presumption and vanity increased as his prudence declined. Not satisfied with the plainness and simplicity which became him as the head of a republic, a theatrical spirit possessed him, and an insatiable love of show. He desired to be ennobled, and to have the title of Knight, as well as Tribune. To celebrate his installation as Knight, a splendid series of ceremonies was arranged, to which all the ambassadors, nobles, and strangers of distinction were invited. Towards evening he went to the Baptismal Chapel of the Lateran. The porphyry vase in which, according to tradition, Constantine had bathed, was filled with rose-water for him, and he bathed in it. He was then clothed in a white garment and slept in the church. In the morning, clad in scarlet, he showed himself on the Loggia to the people, and, accompanied by many nobles and gentlemen, he was endued by the Syndic of the city with sword, girdle, and golden spurs, and afterwards heard mass in the chapel. He then made an address, in which he cited the Pope, and Lewis of Bavaria, and Charles of Bohemia, to give reason for any claims they had on Rome; and pointing his sword to these three points of the compass, he exclaimed, "This is mine, and this is mine, and this is mine." The day ended with a magnificent banquet, at which was exhibited the utmost luxury and expense; and from the nostrils of the Bronze Horse of Constantine wine flowed constantly for the people.

Folly had quite got the better of him now, and his vanity was leading him swiftly to ruin. At a banquet held shortly after, at which he was dressed in a regal cloak fringed with gold and rich embroideries, Stefano Colonna, lifting up the hem, said, "Are you not Tribune? and should you not rather wear the modest dress of your equals than these pompous ornaments?" This reproach, so far from producing its proper effect on him, inspired him with a notion that the nobles intended to play him false. Shortly afterwards he issued a proclamation that he had discovered a conspiracy against the people and himself, and declared that he would cut off the heads of all those concerned in it. The conspirators were seized and brought forward, and among them were seen the chief of the princely families of Rome. Solemn preparations were made for their execution, when Rienzi,

not only suddenly and without reason, pardoned them all, but conferred upon them some of the most important charges and offices of the State.

No sooner were these nobles and princes free out of Rome than they began seriously to conspire to overthrow Rienzi and his government. They assembled their soldiers, and, after devastating the country, threatened to march upon Rome itself. The Tribune, who was no soldier, attempted to intimidate his enemies by threats; but finding that the people grew clamorous for action, he at last took up arms, and made a show of advancing against them. But after a few days, during which he did nothing except to destroy still more of the Campagna, he returned to Rome, clothed himself in the Imperial robes, and received a legate from the Pope.

These idle flourishes did not check the revolt, and Colonna advanced to the very gates of Rome. Still Rienzi did not move to attack him, but only rang the bells of the Capitol, and recounted his dreams of good augury. The Colonne, finding the gates shut and hearing the bells ring, supposed the Romans were prepared to resist, and determined to withdraw for a space. They were in three divisions, and each defiled before the gate; as the third passed, at the head of which was young Giovanni Colonna, the gate opened, and he, supposing his friends had command of it, spurred his horse and rode into the city. His followers, however, remained behind, not daring to enter, and on he went alone. Finding himself, however, unsupported, he turned his horse to fly, when he was thrown to the ground, and the people rushing upon him killed him on the spot. His father Stefano hearing the noise, now rushed in, hoping to save his son; but he also lost his life in the attempt, and his companions then took flight, pursued by the Romans. Many of the Colonna troop were slain; among others, Agapito Colonna, who was found hiding in a vineyard.

The Tribune celebrated this victory with great vainglory. He returned in triumph to the Capitol, harangued the people, boasted loudly and without decency of what he had done, occupied himself with idle shows and ceremonies, and so conducted himself as finally to disgust his own followers. His power soon began to crumble away under him; and when, shortly afterwards, he endeavoured to prevail upon the people to rise and drive out the Count of Minorbino, who had set his authority at defiance, he found that his

day was past. They listened passively to his eloquent words, and when he cried to them, "After having governed you for seven months, I now renounce my authority," no voice was raised to dissuade him. He then ordered the trumpets of silver to sound, and, clothed in all his pomp, he marched through Rome, accompanied by his small band of soldiers, and on the 12th October 1347, intrenched himself in the Castle St. Angelo. Still the influence of his name and his power was so great, that it was not till three days after that the nobles ventured to return to Rome, and then they found that Cola's power had vanished. It faded away like a carnival pageant, as that gay procession entered the Castle St. Angelo. There he remained until the beginning of March, and then fled, and found his way to Civita Vecchia, where he remained with a nephew of his for a short time. But his nephew having been arrested, he again returned to Rome secretly, and was concealed in Castle St. Angelo by one of the Orsini who was friendly to him and his party. The other branch of the Orsini endeavoured to induce his friends to deliver him up by offering large bribes. But they did not prevail; and Cola soon after fled to Naples, fearing lest he should be betrayed into the hands of the Cardinal.

Rome now fell into a state of anarchy and confusion even worse than it was when he assumed the reins of power. Revolutions occurred. Brigandage was renewed. Cerroni, who had been installed as Prefect, was forced to fly, and the administration of the government was then put into the hands of Bertoldo Orsini and Stefano Colonna. But provisions growing dear, Orsini was stoned, and Colonna only escaped with his life by leaping out of a window in disguise. Francesco Baroncelli was then chosen as leader. He was as resolute as Cerroni had been weak. But the people would not tolerate his rule, and he soon fell. In 1353 Rienzi returned with Cardinal Albornoz, the legate of the Pope. He was received with enthusiasm, and again installed in power. But he was embarrassed in all his actions by the Cardinal, who sought only to make use of him, while he himself exercised all the power. The title of Senator of Rome was conferred on him, and the people forgave him; for the dire experiences of Rome since his departure and his sad exile had obliterated the remembrance of his vanity and folly. But Rienzi had lost the secret of his power in losing his enthusiasm. He soon became entangled in his position; his expedition

against Colonna in Palestrina failed; his punishment of Montreal and Pandolfucci brought him ill-will, and all things went badly with him. At last, in October 1353, a sedition broke out, and the mob rushed to the Capitol with cries of "Death to the traitor Rienzi!" In this extremity he was abandoned by his guards, attendants, and friends; only three of them all remained faithful. But under the pressure of imminent danger, the spirit and courage of Rienzi rose, and he showed his better self again. He closed the doors of the palace: the mob set fire to it. He appeared on the balcony clothed in his armour as knight, and, with the standard of the people in his hand, demanded to be heard. But the populace refused to listen to him, and drowned his voice in clamorous cries. There he stood in dumb show praying to be heard, while the populace raged below and pelted him with stones and other missiles. Pierced at last through the hand by an arrow, he withdrew, overcome by despair. Letting himself down by sheets from the windows to the terrace of the Cancelliere below, he again made a desperate effort to obtain a hearing, but in vain. Then came the great question as to whether he should rush in among his enemies and brave certain death, or seek escape by flight. Long he wavered; but at last he decided to fly. Tearing off his robes, he put on the miserable dress of the porter, rushed down the flaming stairs and through the burning chambers, where falling rafters and ceilings threatened death at every step, threaded the fiery passages in safety, and at last reached the third door, breathed the fresh air, and felt that he had still a chance for life. At this very moment his arm was seized, and a voice said, "Where are you going?" He saw that all was lost. But, at bay, he did nothing mean. Again there was a flash of heroic courage, not unworthy of him. He threw off his disguise, and, disdaining all subterfuges, said "I am the Tribune!" He was then led out through the door into the crowd: at the sight of him it drew back and was silent. Firmly he walked as if among friends instead of enemies to the base of the basalt lions, where he had made his first great call upon the people. Standing there, undaunted by its tumultuous cries, he stood for an hour with folded arms, and looked around upon the raging crowd. At last, profiting by a lull of silence, he lifted his voice to address them, when suddenly an artisan at his side, fearing perhaps the result of his eloquence, and perhaps prompted by revenge, plunged his pike in his breast,

and he fell. The wild mob rushed upon his corpse; they mutilated it; they cut off his head and dragged it through the streets; and at last, having wreaked their passion on his senseless remains, they carried them to the Mausoleum of Augustus, the fortress of the Colonna, and there, aided by the whole Jewish tribe, burnt them to ashes. By a strange chance, the last Tribune of the people was burnt and buried at the tomb of the ancient Emperors. In the Mausoleum of Hadrian he had trembled, a prisoner; in the Mausoleum of Augustus his ashes at last found rest.

From The Fortnightly Review.
OLD CRITICISMS ON OLD PLAYS AND
OLD PLAYERS.

BY SIR ROBERT LYTTON.

PART II.

WE left Garrick at the conclusion of Hamlet's first monologue in the second scene of the first act of the play, and Garrick's German admirer, in an ecstasy of enthusiasm, unconsciously grasping the hand of his neighbour in the pit. Lichtenberg's next letter brings us to the celebrated monologue "To be or not to be;" which, he tells us, "produces no such tumultuous effect upon the audience. Nor is it either fit or possible that it should do so," he adds.

"The effect of the monologue, however," his letter continues, "is more impressive than you could possibly expect from a long disquisition upon life and death occurring in the midst of a tragedy. And for this there are, I think, two reasons. In the first place, the English public knows the verses by heart as well as it knows its *Paternoster*; ay, and listens to them, I may say, as reverently as if they were the *Paternoster*. True, the ideas associated with this great monologue are not *devotional*, but they are of a solemn and dignified character, which no one can understand who knows not what England is, and, perhaps I should add, what Shakespeare is to the English. In this island Shakespeare is not famous, he is sacred. His words are household words. You hear them everywhere, in every mouth, and *apropos* of everything—in the streets, in the coffee-houses, in the pulpit, in Parliament, where, by the way, I myself happened to hear them more cheered than anything else that was spoken in the course of an animated debate on the 7th of February last. Thus, in England, the name of Shakespeare is surrounded by the most venerable, and withal the most familiar, the highest, as well as the homeliest, associations. The people not only speak of him, but they also speak out of him.

The majority of English boys know Shakespeare almost as soon as they know their A B C, and certainly sooner than they know their catechism.

"Hamlet, as I mentioned before, appears in deep mourning throughout the play. But in this scene, which occurs after the commencement of his simulated madness, he appears with dishevelled hair. One of his black stockings, ungartered and half-fallen, shows part of the white stocking beneath it. The knot of one of his red garters dangles half down his calf. Thus negligently clad, he enters slowly, wanderingly, and as though lost in thought. His chin is propped upon the palm of his right hand, and the elbow of the right arm upon the hand of the left. He is looking, not straight before him, but sideways, and on the ground. At last, with a dreamy motion, he removes the right hand from his chin, still supporting the right elbow with the left hand, however. The words, 'To be or not to be,' are muttered very faintly and softly. If they are distinctly audible, it is not from any art in the management of the actor's voice, but in consequence of the profound silence which he commands. Here, by the way, one word on a point of grammar. Many persons advocate an alteration of the text in the fourth line of this monologue. They suggest that we should substitute the words, 'Against assailing troubles,' for the words, 'Against a sea of troubles,'* observing that it is a solecism to speak of taking arms against a sea. Garrick, however, retains the original text. I merely record his opinion, without examining the grounds of it."

And surely there is no need to examine them. It is unfortunately even less easy to take arms against troubles, than for troubles to be as overwhelming as the sea. Doubtless the good people, whose suggestion Garrick rejected, would, if they could, have struck from the text of Milton the line in *Comus* which represents a song as "smoothing the raven down of darkness

* The reader will remember that *sea* was then pronounced *say*. Thus Pope—

"That stranger guest the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with encircling seas."

Od., b. i.

"The raging deeps I trace,
And seek my sire thro' storms and rolling seas."

Ib., b. ii.

"We cut the way
With Menelaus thro' the rolling sea."

Ib., b. iii.

And Dryden—

"No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea."
Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell.

Gay, too—

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturesome lover,
Why didst thou trust the sea?"
Ballad from the What-d'ye-call-it.

till it smiled." But the only way to deal with troublesomely assailing suggestions of this sort is by opposing to end them. Instead of attempting to correct the stature of Shakespeare's colossal genius by putting our inch of grammar on the top of it, let us by all means, leave him in the full possession of his imperial privileges *supra grammaticam*.

Here is a pretty picture of Mrs. Smith's Ophelia, which is worth stopping to look at, as we pass :—

"In Ophelia's madness there is the same decent disorder of attire. This part was played by Mrs. Smith, a young woman excellently well adapted to the character, and a good singer, which latter qualification I take to be more important for the representation of Ophelia than almost any other, except youth and beauty. The part is a negative one, and the acting of it should be carefully subdued. The long fair hair of this charming actress falls in loose tresses down her back and over her pretty shoulders. She held in her left hand a bundle of gleaned straws, and all the motions and gestures of her madness were soft and gentle as the sentiment which had caused it. Her songs (which she sung to perfection) had in them something so plaintive, so full of tender melancholy, that the echoes of them haunted me all the night long. Indeed, the whole of this scene is touching, to the point of pain. It leaves in the soul a wound which the genius of Shakespeare keeps open. One almost wishes never to have seen that poor, unhappy Ophelia. The lingering recollection of her hovers reproachfully about us, like an unlaid ghost. Surely had Voltaire been here, and could he but have heard Mrs. Smith's musical commentary on Shakespeare, that extraordinary man would have repented him of all he has written about these scenes. All I know is, that if I myself had written such things (with Voltaire's *esprit*, of course, you understand, and his unrivalled ascendancy over minds inferior to his own), and if, after writing them, I had seen what I have now seen, I would remorsefully have asked pardon of Shakespeare's genius in all the public journals. Voltaire, however, has had a victory at Drury Lane. The scene of the gravediggers is suppressed. At Covent Garden this scene is retained. Garrick should never have assented to the omission of it.

"In this smooth, sugary age of ours, when the language of nature is forced to give way to that of convention and affectation, the truthful representation of so old and noble a drama, preserved, in all its characteristic asperity, pure from the tampering of modern taste, might yet break our fall, if it could not altogether prevent it.* I must needs pass over, unnoticed, in this letter, some of the finest scenes. Among others, the scene in which Hamlet instructs the

players, and that other in which he thunders into his mother's heart the startling comparison between his uncle and his father, and the Ghost reappears. One stroke after another, before we can recover from the effects of the last. So wavelike, emotion tumultuously urges and chases emotion, on, on — into the infinite!"

If any reader has graciously accompanied us thus far through these letters of Lichtenberg, doubtless it may seem to him that what he has been reading is not criticism, but mere praise, all fat and no lean. Well, certainly, it is not what we now call criticism. There is nothing smart about it, no pungency, no playful impertinence. Moreover, it is sadly deficient in the display of omniscience which we should be entitled to expect from any modern critic who is up to the mark. These criticisms, if for form's sake we may so call them, are, it must be confessed, almost as meekly deferential, self-mistrustful, poor-spirited, and painstaking as, for instance, Goethe's criticisms of Byron and Manzoni.

Perhaps it is on account of their German origin, whereby they lack that robust fibre which can only be acquired from the free play of our own large English life. It was not the good fortune of either Goethe or Lichtenberg to be trained from boyhood in that great school to whose daily teaching even the least cultivated of our more favoured countrymen is indebted for a manly self-confidence equal to all occasions, and the keen practical good sense which perceives and understands things at glance. Moreover, both Goethe and Lichtenberg were not, even in their own more backward land, professional, but only what we may call *amateur*, critics, in whom a certain degree of modesty is perhaps not altogether unbecoming. May we not also concede to criticisms of this inferior kind a merit, perhaps, incompatible with the superior quality of those which are so abundantly supplied to us by the day and week? Not, of course, the surpassing merit of perceiving and understanding things at a glance, but yet a praiseworthy patience and genial good-will employed in the reverent endeavour to perceive and understand things rightly?

Still, after making all such allowances for Lichtenberg's too monotonous admiration of Garrick, it is rather a relief to find him saying in one of his letters to Mr. Heinrich Baye, "You ask me if I have never observed in Garrick's acting anything I could fairly find fault with?" One is curious to know how he will answer the question :—

* Surely Lichtenberg was, in sentiment, beyond the age he thus describes!

"It is not an easy one to answer," he says, "because Garrick now only plays those parts in which he has for a quarter of a century commanded the admiration of persons of the best taste. I do, however, remember one occasion (only one) when the impression made on me by Garrick's acting was unsatisfactory and disagreeable. It was in *Hamlet*, and just before the beginning of that monologue which follows upon the scene in which the Ghost has revealed to Hamlet the murder of his father. Up to this point Garrick's acting was admirable. You see him overwhelmed by his emotions, compassion, indignation, horror. When Hamlet at length recovers from this prostration of mind and body, enough to give expression to his feelings, and when he begins slowly, vaguely, to recognize and shape the secret purpose of the life to which he returns, Shakespeare has been careful to indicate by Hamlet's broken utterances the depth and tumult of those sensations with which the prince has been struggling. Garrick, on his part, is no less careful to give to every look and gesture the same significance, and so successfully, that a deaf spectator could not miss the meaning of his action. With one exception, however. There is just one line which, as Garrick delivered it, could not possibly have satisfied either a deaf spectator or a blind listener. It is that observation in physiognomy which Hamlet suddenly notes down in his tablets: 'That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.' These words (on the occasion in question) were spoken by Garrick with a mimicking, made-up face, and a petty gesture of mock homage, as though he were caricaturing the villain in his mind. Nothing, I think, could be more mistaken. But the second time I saw Mr. Garrick in the same part, I had the extreme satisfaction of hearing him speak the same words sternly and seriously, in the tone of a man who, with bitter intensity of hate and scorn, is recording an observation which he intends to make subsequent use of. The smile of the villain whom Hamlet is thinking of at that moment is surely much too formidable on the one hand, and on the other much too detestable, to be made the subject of mere *persiflage*. The lips which have smiled that hideous smile must now receive from Hamlet's hand the solemnity of death, and that with all speed.

"I know not what may have induced Garrick to give to this line any other signification when I first heard him speak it. I suspect he must have been led away by the soft sibilation of the wording, which almost provokes a kindred expression of countenance."

But of all Lichtenberg's letters about Garrick, the most ingenious and suggestive is the letter in which he discusses Garrick's choice of costume for the character of Hamlet:—

"I think," he says, "I must have mentioned in a former letter that Garrick plays Hamlet in a modern dress, our ordinary full-dress coat

à la Française. This will strike you as an anachronism, a sort of solecism in costume. I have often heard it blamed as such. Never, however, during the *entr'actes*; never on the way home from the theatre; nor at supper, immediately after the play. Only long afterwards; only when time had cooled the enthusiasm and faded the impression occasioned by the man's marvellous acting. And then only by persons who were more anxious to show off their own erudition than to examine this question of costume from all sides round; and who, thinking it fine to find fault, could yet think of nothing else to find fault with. Their objection has never greatly weighed with me. I have, however, considered it carefully; and these are my reasons for rejecting it. Judge if they be sound. In the first place, I know Mr. Garrick to be a man of the acutest intelligence, who keeps in his mind a strict register of the taste of his countrymen; and I think it, *à priori*, improbable that he should have adopted this costume without some good reason. In the next place, his theatrical wardrobe contains costumes of all kinds, appropriate to all periods and characters; and the man himself is one of those rare observers, whose daily experience is constantly correcting and developing his judgment. Yet he persists in performing Hamlet in a modern dress. Assuming, therefore, that so conscientious and cultivated an artist could not, from sheer ignorance or want of thought, have overlooked a point which is patent to the merest *macaroni*, I felt unable to endorse, off-hand, the objections I have heard made to his (obviously deliberate) choice of costume in this character, without any endeavour on my own part to ascertain and examine the motive of it.

"I must confess that it was not till I had seen him a second time in the part of Hamlet, that I completely divined, as I think, the actor's idea. But if my own interpretation of it be the right one, and I give it you only as my own, then must I not only approve his choice of costume, but also avow that I should think less highly of Garrick's intelligence had he chosen otherwise. Hear why; and form your own opinion. *Dabimus petimusque*. I am aware that in matters of this kind over-reflection and refining sometimes lead us with much wasted effort to the verge of absurdities, quite as ridiculous as those into which others fall, easily enough, for want of thought. However, if you are dissatisfied with my own explanation, I doubt not that Garrick could give you a better one.

"Well, then, I conceive that to those who have no great antiquarian interest in such things, there must always be something of a *masquerade* character in the appearance of antique dresses on the stage. If the dresses are pretty, the sight of them, doubtless, is pleasing *quantum valet*. But the pretty incidental pleasure they give us counts for nothing in the sum total of our impressions of the piece. The effect on my own mind is as if I saw a German

book printed in Roman type. I seem to be reading a translation. Between the eye and the brain there is a momentary interruption of correspondence, and *seeing* and *feeling* are no longer synonymous. Men's pleasurable sensations are, as it were, suspended imperceptibly in the mind by the finest and frailest threads of association. It were a sin to sever one of these delicate filaments unnecessarily. I apprehend, therefore, that whenever a familiar and customary costume can be worn upon the stage, without offending the susceptible majesty of our erudition, it is the best and fittest of all for the actor's purpose. The less our attention is diverted from him to the dress of him the better. Now, for us moderns, the coat à la Française has, from long use and wont, acquired all the character of a *second skin*. It is a coat with a physiognomy. There is significance in its slightest wrinkle, and every crease and fold of it has human expression. We can *understand*, indeed, but we can hardly *feel*, hardly translate into immediate sensations of our own, those gestures which are clothed in unfamiliar garb. I see a man in a scuffle. He struggles; and his hat falls off his head. I know at once how that happens, and why. But if the man, instead of a hat, wears a helmet, and I see the helmet fall from his head, what am I to think of it? How can I tell what is the precise degree of stability which a helmet ought to retain when it is set on a man's head? I have never worn one on my own. Not being immediately able to realize the exact significance of the action I am looking at, I might misinterpret it, and attribute the fall of the helmet to the awkwardness of the actor. In that case the action would at once become ridiculous.

"There is a scene of *Hamlet* which I described in a former letter. In that scene Garrick speaks with his back to the audience. The effect of his utterance depends chiefly on that of his attitude. You can't see his countenance; you can only see his coat. But the coat is familiar to us, and experience has enabled us to attach, instinctively, particular meanings to particular changes in the appearance of it. At the moment I am speaking there was a diagonal crease across the back of his coat from the shoulder to the hip, which unmistakably indicated the effort made by its wearer to repress some strong emotion. When I saw that crease in his coat I saw almost as much of the inner workings of the man's mind as the face of him could have shown me had it been visible. Suppose, now, that Hamlet's 'inky coat' had been cut according to antiquarian prescription. What should I have seen in the crease of it? Nothing intelligible. An actor who has a good figure (and every tragic actor ought to have a good figure) cannot but lose effect, by acting in a costume which strikingly differs from the dress in which our eye is helped by habit to distinguish, to a straw's breadth, the too much and too little. Let me explain. I am not asking Julius Cæsar and the English Henries and

Richards to appear upon the stage in the uniform of the Life Guards. The general public has picked up, either at school, or from coins and popular prints, quite enough antiquarian knowledge to understand and appreciate, when it sees them on the stage, a great number of costumes which it sees nowhere else. All I mean is, that whenever and wheresoever the antiquary is still dormant in the brain of the public, the actor, if he rightly understands his art, will be the last person to awaken him. The poor little episodic satisfaction which is afforded me by the supposed historic accuracy of some unfamiliar stage costume does not compensate the loss of what, in all such cases, it takes away from the general effect of the play. All the spectators experience this loss, although not all of them can detect the cause of it. But here it is that we need the tact of an intelligent actor. His intuitive knowledge of the strength and weakness of the eyes that watch him is above all rules and prescriptions. Now, as regards the historic Hamlet, London happens to be precisely in the case I have supposed. The antiquary is still asleep in the brain of the public. Who can wish that the greatest English actor should deprive this great English public of its *naïveté*? Not I, at least; and, for my own part, I think that Mr. Garrick has wisely foregone the small personal satisfaction of a few commonplace eulogiums on his antiquarian accuracy, in order to achieve and hold fast the conquest of a thousand hearts."

Here, I think, we have the explanation of many failures of effect in works of art.

From The Spectator.

THE DOVER CHRISTIANS AND PUNCH.

His Worship the Mayor of Dover and the Young Men's Christian Association of that place have expelled *Punch* from their reading-room by a narrow majority, — fifteen serious-minded persons of that Association, headed by the Mayor, having voted against *Punch*, and thirteen in its favour. It is something to find an association of "professed" Christians in which the majority in favour of pompous solemnity is only two-fifteenths; and it is particularly encouraging to find that the defence of *Punch* was founded on the very valid, though, perhaps, somewhat aggressive argument urged by one of its advocates. His Worship had affirmed that "whatever does not tend to promote the growth of the kingdom of Christ in the minds and hearts of the members of the Association is, in a certain degree, inimical to their real propriety and benefit," to which a supporter of our light-minded contemporary replied by ask-

ing whether, when his Worship follows the mace to church, "human vanity or the growth of the kingdom of Christ was the uppermost feeling." The question was regarded as simply impertinent, and was ignored, but it really went very near the heart of the matter. The reason serious-minded people resent jokes is at bottom very much the same as the reason why the Essex boor, — by no means a serious-minded person, — resented it, when he said he could not abide *Punch*, for it was "always a jeerin' and a fleerin'." What this worthy objected to was not the secular character of *Punch*, but its tendency to excite in his own mind a vague, but painful sense that even his own self-importance might possibly be founded in nothingness, — which would mean pretty much the same thing as the shaking of the foundations of the earth. There is an uncomfortable sense of instability produced in the hearts of persons who believe devoutly in themselves by the flying shafts of satire. When they see so many things made fun of, they never know what may not happen to themselves; nay, the mere fact that persons like themselves are laughed at suggests that unless that satire can be formally condemned, as the fruit of frivolity and iniquity, they can hardly stand firm again on their own feet. Now, the question put by the aggressive young Dover Christian went straight to this point. Was the procession to church behind the mace calculated to accelerate the Mayor's growth in the kingdom of Christ, the feeling that, after he had done all that it was his duty to do, his Worship was still an "unprofitable servant," or was it, on the contrary, calculated to inspire those grandiose feelings in his breast by which the soul is inflated into a sort of moral dross? If the latter, then this thoroughly serious and even ostentatious religious ceremony was clearly far more dangerous to the health of his Worship's soul than that raillery which, whether edifying or not, clearly rather tends to reduce man's sense of his own importance than to increase it; indeed *Punch* might even be defended as, in some sense, an antidote to the poison of a pompous ceremonial. For instance, the last straw in the balance of the Dover Young Men's Christian Association, which seems to have turned the scale definitively against *Punch*, was a little drawing in the number of March the 4th, in which a very dolorous and confused-looking old lady is lamenting to a younger friend, while paying a morning call, the general derelictions of servants, and looking industriously for any aggravations she

can suggest of the sins of her own domestic, one of which she inconsequently finds in the fact that her Susan, though allowed to go to chapel three times every Sunday since she lived with her, "doesn't cook a bit better than she did the first day." This appears to have been regarded as an irreligious joke by the majority of the Dover Christians; — they were pleased apparently to consider it a sort of flippancy against the practice of public worship, instead of a laugh at the irrelevant ingenuity of a Mrs. Nicklebyish old lady in finding artificial aggravations of her domestic sins. But if this very innocent joke were to have had a religious drift forced upon it at all, clearly that drift ought to have been regarded as being on the religious and not on the irreligious side. If the old lady's speech indicated anything but the ingenuity of a confused mind in finding aggravations for her favourite grievance, it had a by no means bad drift, and was directed to show that Susan's triple attendance at chapel ought really to have made a more diligent servant, and therefore probably a better cook, of her. If the preacher had put it in solemn, didactic form, and had said, "You must not imagine that by coming here three times a day you have discharged your duty to God, unless you go home prepared to make better shopkeepers and better shopmen, better masters and better servants through the whole week than you were before," the Dover Christians would have thought the observation most proper, would have instantly forgotten it, and taken credit to themselves for their triple attendance at chapel all the same. But the supposed joke at the ill-success of a triple attendance at chapel in making servants do their work any better, brought really home how very little use mere chapel-going, — faith without works, — was even to themselves, and that gave them probably an irritating sense of insecurity, a feeling that they might have been struck at through "Susan," and perhaps even hit as well as struck at. Surely, if they were, it might have done his Worship himself rather good than harm; and have acted as antidote to the dangerously inflating influence of that solemn procession to church behind the mace.

Some good people, however, probably believe that all joking is evil, not because it gives them a sense of the danger in which they stand of a wound to their own self-importance, but because it engenders a light and trivial turn of mind in the joker, and either predisposes him against serious subjects, or worse still, disposes

him to see an ephemeral and ludicrous side even to serious subjects. There is no joking, they say, in the Bible; and a man who keeps all his reserve of force for the subjects treated in the Bible, will not often be in a joking humour. That very much depends, we should say, on the sort of person you are speaking of. Undoubtedly, the old Jewish literature had very little humour in it. Few Oriental literatures ever have had. There is a certain grim sarcasm and irony in many of the Jewish prophets, but not a trace of humour. The truth is, that humour is the characteristic only of people who habitually keep their hold on conflicting and widely divergent moods of feeling at the same time; not of people who are incapable of experiencing more than one mood of feeling at the same moment. No doubt, the former kind of people, — the one-mood-at-a-time people, — are in some sense likely to be the most "earnest." "Play" of feeling implies, of course, a partial loss of intensity. Opposite moods of mind cannot touch each other, cannot be intersecting moods without a certain dissipation of force. When Sidney Smith, while under the very nose of the omnibus-horse which had knocked him down, found his mind glancing off from the thought of eternity, to the probable thought of hundreds of aspiring clergymen on hearing of his demise, namely, "there is a vacancy," it is obvious that he was not concentrating his thoughts on the spiritual condition of his own soul or on the prospect before him, as a pattern saint or penitent would have done. You cannot both divide your mind between two moods and concentrate it on one. But then the question occurs as to *what* moods those who disdain the levity of the humourist will probably concentrate their soul upon. When his Worship the Mayor of Dover follows the mace to church, will his soul be concentrated on the dignity of his position or on his failure to live up to his own highest standard? If on the latter, then, perhaps, he may be excused for not wishing his train of feelings abruptly broken in upon; but if on the former, what more wholesome for him than to realize the ludicrous littleness of municipal pomp, even though that glimpse of reality be gained by a recollection of poor Susan's sins as lamented by her mistress in *Punch*? If ninety-nine per cent. of a tradesman's aspirations are fixed on the wealth of spiritual life he misses, it may be a loss to him to have poor earthy feelings jostling the higher ones; but if

ninety-nine per cent. of them are fixed on money-getting, it may be a pure gain to him to have flashes of feeling which show him the wonderful paradoxes of his life. Now, as in point of fact, the vast majority of those Englishmen who are one-mood-at-a-time men, are taken up with somewhat grovelling moods, it can hardly be doubted that they would gain and not lose by flashes of humour which brought suddenly into their breasts the contradictions between their faith and their life, even though during that minute portion of the Sunday in which they may devote exclusive attention to their faith, this humorous turn should sometimes divert their mind into realizing somewhat vividly the incongruous incidents of their daily life. As a rule, the faculty of humour will hardly allow a man to be a mere sordid creature of earth, though it may sometimes stand in his way when he is yearning after higher things. You must take its loss and gain together; and for ninety out of every hundred Englishmen at least, its gain, — even its directly spiritual gain, — would be far greater than its loss. It may indeed suggest to a man odd notions in church or chapel at times. When he is required to sing, —

"Would I could read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"

he may feel irresistibly impelled to represent to himself counsel's opinion on the "abstract of title" to messuages and other hereditaments in the other world, and the "fines" and "recoveries" counsel might recommend the intending purchaser to require proof of from the vendor, with a vividness not calculated to improve the depth of his religious emotions. But then the very same tendency will compel him, when he is reading the clauses of a settlement, to smile at the elaborate preparation made by men for their ephemeral successors, and realize how little all their covenants and trusts can do to secure even to a single soul the spiritual stay it needs. Humour may at times dissipate the intensity of the saintly life; it certainly disturbs the mischievous intensity of the worldly life; and on the whole, we are disposed to believe that if we could weigh his worship the Mayor of Dover and his fourteen spiritual janissaries in any true spiritual balance against fifteen of the best contributors to *Punch*, the latter would be likely to have very much the best of the competition.

From The Spectator.
EUTHANASIA.

IN a recently published volume,* the author of an essay entitled *Euthanasia* maintains with considerable ingenuity the thesis that it is lawful and even expedient to put an end to the life which is manifestly doomed to the sufferings of incurable disease. It is a thesis which has been often defended, and sometimes carried into frequent practice, as, for instance, in Rome under the Empire, before Christian ethics had asserted their supremacy, and when an unparalleled luxury had made men impatient of pain without destroying the old Roman fortitude and contempt of death. The arguments that may be urged in its favour are only too obvious and forcible. It is impossible to exaggerate, or even to describe, the horror,—as it seems, the useless and purposeless horror,—of suffering, which art has it in its power to terminate in a moment by a painless stroke. The long agony of cancer, with its tortures that overcome even the most manly fortitude in the sufferer, and all those shocking accompaniments which occasionally tax the devotion of relatives and friends; the unutterably painful symptoms, often observed in the last stage of dropsy, when the patient begins to look with hatred and suspicion upon those whom, while he was yet himself, he has most loved and trusted; such scenes have a rhetoric which is only too powerful. Not a few of those who read these words will have known sick men who have begged with a heartrending earnestness to be rescued from inevitably impending pain; to some the thought that it would be as well to listen to such prayers will have suggested itself, however speedily they may have dismissed it as disloyal to duty and faith. Press us closely with these considerations, and we confess to a terrible perplexity; but it is the same perplexity which we feel when we look at the whole subject of pain, and at other difficulties of life, at evil, at the perpetual, unanswerable problem of death. There is, it seems to us, but one clue to guide us out of these labyrinths, and that is the belief in a Divine Order, of which we see, and must be content to see, only a portion infinitesimally small. Meanwhile, there is one argument used by the author of *Euthanasia* with which, as possessing at first sight a certain cogency, we may deal at once. He says that, as a matter of fact,

physicians do take it upon themselves to shorten the lives of their patients by administering narcotics which, while immediately relieving pain, have ultimately the effect of hastening death. We are disposed, while not pretending to any special knowledge on the subject, to traverse the fact, to doubt whether pain is not, in the long run,—and it is this that the physician has to consider—more destructive of life than antidotes of pain. And further, though this should be proved not to be the case, we are not in the least bound to all the logical consequences of medical practice. The physician, working as he does under the condition of a knowledge necessarily limited, has the simple duty before him of doing the best that he can for the present. If he sees that the only office left for his art to perform is to alleviate pain, to that office he addresses himself with all his energy and skill. Even supposing that he does in carrying out this object diminish by two or three the number of days which his patient has to live, he is but resorting to one of the compromises, so to speak, of which our life is so full. There are innumerable cases which may possibly and even probably happen to any of us, in which we do, are justified in doing, are even compelled to do, something which has the ultimate effect of shortening our lives. A journalist, to take an instance close at hand, may have to overtask his brain by writing an article on some pressing subject that occurs at the last moment, on which, not to claim credit for any higher motive, he must write if he would not seriously injure his paper. The man who does this in all probability shortens his life, yet no one would blame him for doing it, no one would wish to push him into what may seem and may really be the logical consequences of his act. In fact, he does, as all of us ought to do, his duty in the present, and lets the future take care of itself.

It is not difficult to find, without quitting the platform of expediency and the public safety, strong reasons for declining to accept the proposal of *Euthanasia*. It is not without good cause that both the medical profession and the laity would stand aghast at the thought that it should be “the recognized duty of the medical attendant, whenever so desired by the patient, . . . to put the sufferer to a quick and painless death,” so great would be the danger that such a practice would be abused, so terrible would be the suspicions of possible abuse that it would be certain to evoke. “All needful precautions” might be adopted, means might be “taken

* *Essays. By Members of the Birmingham Speculative Club.* London: Williams and Norgate. 1870.

to establish, beyond the possibility of doubt or question, that the remedy was applied at the express wish of the patient;" still you could not but be imposing on patient, on physician, and on friends a responsibility that would be absolutely intolerable. A sick man, his temper irritated, his will enfeebled by suffering, is called upon to make in a matter confessedly of supreme importance an *irrevocable* decision. The Roman followers of the practice commonly avoided, indeed, this aggravation of its terror. When, for instance the poet Silius Italicus, "worn out by the weariness of an incurable disease," resolved, in accordance with a common custom at the time, "to put an end to his life by abstaining from food," he had it in his power, had his resolution failed him, to recall his act. But imagine the horror of the situation, if by some accident—and such an accident would not surely be impossible—the sufferer should not lose consciousness at once, and finding his courage fail, as the courage of suicides often does fail, at the felt approach of death, were vainly to beg for the life which it would be then impossible to restore! Then there is the physician. It may be said that you degrade from a healer to an executioner. That point, however, need not be pressed; but it is certain that you call upon him to renounce the noblest aspiration of his art, which at least proposes to itself the ideal of a power which no disease shall resist. When is he to say, "This malady is incurable"? We have spoken of cancer as confessedly the most hopeless, as it is the most painful of diseases; yet medical science has never abandoned the hope of finding a remedy even for cancer. Such a remedy may yet be discovered, and discovered, it is possible to conceive, at such a time as to save some life of inestimable value to the world, which would have been lost had men agreed to accept the proposal of *Euthanasia*. And then look at the case of the friends, at the complications, to take but one instance, which would arise out of such a practice as connected with the succession to property. There is the case, and such cases are not impossible or even uncommon, where the prolongation of a sick man's life means affluence or poverty to those about him. If he lives, say, for a month, he, and they as his heirs, becomes entitled to vast wealth. Yet we

can imagine them self-sacrificing enough to submit, and that without a murmur, for a murmur would be too cruel to the sufferer, to the fatal resolution which destroys their prospects. But let the case be reversed. If he dies at once, his wealth is theirs: if his life is prolonged, it goes to others. It is needless to dwell on the intolerable perplexities which would arise. If the feuds which spring from the succession to property are now so fierce, what would they be when this new element of strife had been introduced? The fact is that there is but one safe rule in this matter, and that is to *prolong life* to the utmost of our power. There may be cases in which to follow it seems to inflict useless suffering on the individual, but the dangers and difficulties which attend any departure from it are so great that the public safety demands its strict enforcement.

And the weightier considerations mentioned before remain. "The above remarks," observes the author of *Euthanasia*, towards the conclusion of his essay, "leave untouched all questions of recompense and adjustment hereafter." The subject cannot, we feel, be discussed without touching these questions. The old belief that "a man may not quit his post except at the bidding of his commander" may be a "commonplace," as our speculative philosopher of Birmingham tells us it is, but it seems to us the expression of a noble and far-seeing wisdom. Those who tell us "there is no such commander, your belief that he is waging a battle with evil, and that he will win the victory in the end, is a delusion," have terribly cogent arguments at hand. What can we say, for instance, when they point to some fine intellect ruined, just as it is in the height of its promise, by some miserable accident, changed, for the rest of life, into a mere brutal, or worse than brutal, instinct, when they ask, "What do you think of *this* soldier at his post? Need we care at all whether he leaves it or no?" We only know that every day, in actual war, waste as purposeless is going on, and yet that in the end skill and courage, and, as we hope, justice do prevail; we only believe that as it is amidst all the confusions of human purposes and actions, so it is also in the Divine Order which overrules them all.

From The Spectator.
PROFESSOR DE MORGAN.

ON Thursday last, at Kensal Green, was buried a man of very rare intellectual power and force of character,—one of those who mould the mind and more or less profoundly strike the imagination of almost all submitted to their influence. The late Professor De Morgan was an original and very learned mathematician, but *merely* as a mathematician he may have had equals, and for anything the present writer knows to the contrary, even superiors, among the English mathematicians of his day. He was not the Senior Wrangler of his year, not we believe, higher than fourth wrangler; but that speaks little as to his real rank as mathematician, for it is usually the neatest and swiftest, not the most powerful minds which carry off the highest honours in competitive examinations. And Professor De Morgan's mind was hardly either neat or swift. The grasp and clearness and force of his intellect were far more remarkable than either its dexterity or rapidity. The late Sir William Hamilton of Edinburgh, who had a sharp controversy with him on logical matters and hardly understood his opponent, once described him as “profound in mathematics, curious in logic, and wholly deficient in architectonic power,”—a description in which the only element of real truth was aimed at that somewhat awkward arrangement of his materials by which Professor De Morgan not unfrequently disguised from the world the massiveness, the precision, and the depth of his own powers. Great architectonic power he unquestionably had, though not artistic power as a mathematical architect,—for the truth is, that he buttressed the structures of his mathematical arches so strongly that the *effect* was sometimes clumsy, though the bridge once raised was never shaken in the mind of his pupils. There was a touch of unwieldiness about his presentation of intellectual problems, especially in his books, and this unwieldiness of manner rendered them less popular than works containing less than half their learning and much less than half their thinking power. The publication of his “*Arithmetic*,” a book which has not unnaturally been much more useful to masters than to scholars, began a new era in the history of elementary arithmetical teaching in England,—devoting, as all his books did, far more space and labour to the logical processes by which the various rules are demonstrated than to the more technical parts of the subject,

though of these too in their proper place. Professor De Morgan was never unmindful, spending the greatest care on teaching the art of rapid and accurate computation, no less than on the true science of number. His exposition of the theory of limits from the very earliest stage in which it entered into algebraical conceptions was so masterly and exhaustive, that it haunted his pupils in the logical tangle of their later lives, and helped many a man through the puzzle of Dr. Mansel's conundrum-making as to “the Infinite” in his “*Limits of Religious Thought*.” Indeed, Professor De Morgan really managed to make his pupils realize that they knew nothing at all about either zero or infinity, except as short phrases for what is respectively smaller or larger than any assignable quantity, however small or large; and that to treat either zero or infinity as magnitudes, even to the extent of supposing that all zeros are equal, and all infinities equal, is a delusion utterly fatal to the science of mathematical inferences. No pupil of Professor De Morgan's who ever fairly grasped the logical processes of his Double Algebra or Differential and Integral Calculus, and still less, perhaps, who had followed him through his searching and often humorous analysis of the metaphysical basis of the “*Theory of Probabilities*,” ever yet failed to find the substance of his lectures recurring constantly and most usefully to mind in the course of the intellectual controversies of later years. Mr. De Morgan was no mere teacher of mathematics. His classes were training-schools in intellectual self-knowledge, logical discipline, and the theory of evidence, such as mathematical classes very rarely were before; indeed comparatively few even of those who have had the advantage of his books and his training have succeeded in reaching anything like the same standard of robust logical efficiency since. For giving clearness, subtlety, and strength to the reasoning faculties, no discipline like that of Professor De Morgan's classes has ever been surpassed in any University. Of Mr. De Morgan's absolute eminence as a mathematician,—of the additions he has made to mathematical knowledge,—the present writer is not competent to speak. Of course, he stood very high. We suspect, however, that his greatness would be estimated by the highest English mathematicians to consist more in his contributions to the philosophy of mathematics, than in the successful manipulation of its instruments of calculation. In other

words, we suspect that he would be adjudged to have done more in clearing up and testing the logical methods of mathematical reasoning, than in applying its machinery to new departments of research.

But great as Professor De Morgan was as a mathematician and a logician,—his “Formal Logic,” in spite of Sir William Hamilton’s attack, holds its ground as a great addition to logical science,—the originality of his character was at least as remarkable as the originality of his intellect. He was a man almost quaintly attached to all his professional habits, so punctual and so uniform in his doings that his return from his college classes served as the best of time-pieces to observant students. Often, like Dr. Johnson, he might be seen in a brown study ticking off every five or six railings with conscientious punctuality, never missing the right multiple, as he passed along the railed enclosure of University College. He was so early at his work of correcting the students’ exercises before his nine o’clock class that, according to popular rumour, no man had ever yet succeeded in reaching the College at an hour when the Professor’s chair was empty, and it was sometimes wildly asserted that he came overnight. The tradition, how far true we do not know, was that he disliked the vacation, and felt lost without his usual duties. Certainly he never willingly gave a holiday, and we cannot remember that for many years together his health ever compelled him to give one.

Yet in spite of this deep instinct of habit, in Professor De Morgan, as in Dr. Johnson, originality of character was as notable as his attachment to definite grooves of action. He was incapable of being anything but himself, and he had not a self which society could modify. His intellectual life was lonely, though his affections were deep and his regard for old friends extremely tenacious. To those who were not of his own standing in life, to his pupils, he was always benignant, but on extra-mathematical subjects a little constrained. There was something sudden about his humour, which,—like everything about him, his learning, his sagacity, his common-sense,—was huge, but sometimes puzzling to those who did not know his ways. His “Budget of Paradoxes,” published in 1863-5, and again in 1866 in the *Athenæum*, was curiously characteristic of his wonderful antiquarian learning, his great sagacity, his shrewdness of reflection on human ways, and that turn for the

broadly ludicrous which gave him so strong an appreciation of the humour of Dickens. The humorous turns of his thought,—the great gambols of his massive mind,—were often so abrupt as to betray that Mr. De Morgan’s humour was the product of *lonely* mental operations, for it had none of that easy, gradual shading off into common conversation which marks the humour of social life. The following, which occurs in one of his notes on the paradox of the celebrated “sympathetic” powder, falsely, he thinks, attributed to Sir Kenelm Digby,—the powder supposed to cure by being put on the sword which inflicted the wound, instead of on the wound,—is a fair specimen of the humour of this “Budget”:—“The sympathetic powder was that which cured by anointing the weapon with its salve instead of the wound. I have long been convinced that it was efficacious. The directions were to keep the wound clean and cool, and to take care of diet, rubbing the salve on the knife or sword. If we remember the dreadful notions upon drugs which prevailed, both as to quantity and quality, we shall readily see that any way of *not* dressing the wound would have been useful. If the physicians had taken the hint, had been careful of diet, &c., and had poured the little barrels of medicine down the throat of a practicable doll, *they* would have had their magical cures as well as the surgeons. Matters are much improved now; the quantity of medicine given, even by orthodox physicians, would have been called infinitesimal by their professional ancestors. Accordingly, the College of Physicians has a right to abandon its motto, which is ‘*Ars longa, vita brevis*,’ meaning ‘*Practice is long, so life is short*.’” Or take this, as indicating the kind of sagacity for which his life-long study of mathematical measure had made Mr. De Morgan remarkable,—the reconstruction of common maxims so as to come much nearer to the true drift at which their popular form only vaguely pointed. He was commenting on the common assertion that “a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,” which he denied, but substituted for it, “A person with small knowledge is in danger of trying to make his *little* do the work of *more*; but a person without any is in danger of making his *no* knowledge do the work of *some*,” of which he produced many most amusing instances from his personal knowledge of paradoxmongers. Yet even to these,—for quacks many, perhaps most, of them were,—Mr. De Morgan was scrupulously fair. His moral weights

and measures were as accurate as his intellectual. He bore witness, evidently with pleasure, in describing the intellectual crazes with which men were afflicted who had no knowledge or little knowledge on the subjects on which they professed to be discoverers, that they were not mercenary; "they are very earnest people, and their purpose is *bonâ fide* in the dissemination of their paradoxes. A great many, the mass, indeed, are illiterate, and a great many waste their means and are in, or approaching, penury. But I must say that never in any one instance has the quadrature of the circle, or the like, been made a pretext for begging,—even to be asked to purchase a book is of rare occurrence." Few who knew Professor De Morgan would have called him exactly an imaginative man; and perhaps his imaginative gifts were principally of that kind which are useful to realize vigorously—to score deep on the mind—the precise intellectual conditions of any case under consideration; but this sort of imagination he had in a high degree, and that, too, not unfrequently in matters half intellectual, half moral. In his note on that grim religious paradox of Pascal's addressed to the wisdom of being a believer lest, if God exist, you should be punished for not believing, while if the sceptics are right and Christians wrong, there will be no punishment for having believed falsely,—or as Pascal expressed it, "not to wager that God exists, is in fact to wager that he does not exist,"—Mr. De Morgan translated the notion at the bottom of this argument that you are bound to *hedge* carefully as to your spiritual prospects, into language of quite Dantesque force of imagination as well as mathematical precision:—"Leaving Pascal's argument," he says, "to make its way with a person who, *being a sceptic*, is yet positive that the issue is salvation or perdition, if a God there be,—for the case as put by Pascal requires this,—I shall merely observe that a person who elects to believe in God, as the best chance of gain, is not one who, according to Pascal's creed, or any other worth naming, will really secure that gain. I wonder whether Pascal's curious imagination ever presented to him in sleep his convert, in the future state, shaken out of a red-hot dice-box upon a red-hot hazard-table, as perhaps he might have been, if Dante had been the later of the two." A judicious selection from Professor De Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes" would be a very characteristic memorial of him, as well as a book full of curious learning, of

quaint sagacity, and of a grotesque humour.

Perhaps even *in consequence* of his powerful grasp of the principles of exact measure and of the difficulties in applying those principles, Mr. De Morgan was never one of those incredulous mathematicians who depreciate the force of evidence which they cannot accurately weigh. He was fond of asking how any one who really believes that every little particle in the earth is tugging away at every little particle in fixed stars so distant from the earth that their light takes thousands of years to travel here, and *vice versâ*, can suppose anything whatever not in contradiction with the world's best-sifted knowledge to be really *incredible*. And he was sometimes charged, not very justly we believe, with being even credulous, because he gave a certain amount of extremely reserved and very carefully limited credence to certain abnormal phenomena, which, whether true or false, he believed he had tested carefully and with the professional acuteness of a mind always on the alert against both fraud and illusion. He may, no doubt, have missed some necessary intellectual safeguard in testing these phenomena, and have given the cautiously limited credence he did give, erroneously. But no one can read his own account of the guarantees against deception which he either really took or fully believed that he had taken, without being struck by the curious subtlety and sagacity with which he had endeavoured to provide against deception.

On all matters of faith, Professor De Morgan was quaintly reticent, acting on what seems to us the rather too elaborate and somewhat old-world conception that as professions of faith conduce unfairly to worldly success, he would rather be accounted a sceptic falsely and lose by it, than be known as a Christian and gain by it. Everyone knows how strong a line he took when he believed, as we believed, that University College had deviated from its professed principle of not taking into account religious creed and position at all, in refusing to elect to the Professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy one of the greatest, if not, as we hold, the greatest, of English metaphysicians, who happened to be also known as an eminent preacher among the Unitarians,—a connection deemed undesirable by some of the members of the Council. It was on this occasion that Professor De Morgan resigned the professorship he had held with so much distinction for so long a

period, though without, as we believe, breaking with or alienating a single one of his old friends. His dread lest religious belief should be allowed either to benefit his own worldly prospects or to injure any other man's, was intense with the intensity of a different generation from ours; and a quaint and touching passage in his will shows that he resolutely concealed his own faith from what seems to us the almost morbid fear of its conducing to his advancement. "I commit," he says, "my future destiny with hope derived from experience to Almighty God, who has been and will be my guide and support; to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom I believe in my heart that God has raised him from the dead, and whom I have not confessed with my mouth in the sense usually attached to these words, because such confession has been in my time the only way up in the world." What a singular and yet genuine burst of piety is here. And real though very reticent piety was deep in his character. One who has a right to speak, says of him, "His trust in God in the smallest details, as well as in the most important matters of his life, was living and unvarying. Three days before he was taken, I said to him, 'I hope you will not go yet.' He answered very quietly and cheerfully, 'Leave it all in God's hands.'" It was not true that he had ever had a paralytic stroke. His mind retained its full power to the last moment.

And so passed away, in the simplicity of perfect faith, one of the greatest mathematicians of the day,—probably, in relation to the investigation of the reasoning processes of mathematics and the thorough analysis of their intellectual weight, the very greatest of them all,—into a world where it is not very easy for us to conceive how this great apparatus for attaining accurate knowledge, this wonderful array of the balustrades by which we hold in climbing up towards truth, is to be turned to full account. This master of the great intellectual processes, this reasoner who knew how to cheat the weaknesses of human reason wherever they can be cheated, and reap all the benefit of an intellectual machinery stronger in many senses than the intellects that use it, is gone where we often rashly suppose that Method is swallowed up in Knowledge. But if it be true, as Plato held, that God is the great geometer,—and every century seems to make it less possible to deny it,—it may be that the knowledge of method will prove to be of itself knowledge, and

that the mind which held the key to so many theorems, and to which all the Calculuses — of Generating Functions, of Finite Differences, of Variations, — were almost as familiar as the multiplication-table, will find that it holds also the key to many of the generating functions, differences, and variations of creation, — to the architecture of the universe and the economy of thought, — in a very much larger sense than any of which we have yet any clear apprehensions.

From The Spectator.

PAUL JOSEPH PROUDHON.

"CONTRADICTION is the fundamental law, not only of society, but of the universe;" and Proudhon, who says so, is the best illustration of his maxim. His chief work is his *Système des Contradictions économiques*. His whole teaching consists of reconciliations of "Yes" and "No," black and white. His life and lot are a curious collection of contradictions. To begin with one of the most fundamental of them, it is doubtful whether Proudhon at any time believed in a God — he speaks of God as the Eternal X, and his Deity was not one to be worshipped; but then he believed in several devils. Besides "le Mal," there were minor evil potentates, — not, indeed, Belial, Moloch, and Beelzebub; Proudhon's devils were *Propriété, Capital, Competition*, and other entities, which he clothed with powers baneful as those possessed by the fallen angels. Fame, in its good sense, he never had; the only saying of his which has clung to the popular mind, "Property is theft," has suffered the most cruel form of misquotation — it has been almost uniformly misunderstood. But the very stones flung at him form no inconsiderable heap, and in their eagerness to slay him his enemies have made for him a monument. The anti-Proudhon literature, published between 1848 and 1860, is at once bulky and dreary. There was, in fact, a time when it was the fashion for a clever young Frenchman to prove his conservatism by refuting Proudhon, and his pamphlet or article was regarded as the novice's first communion, the taking of the sacrament of respectability. When thieves are about there is a general looking to locks and bars, and in that period, when Proudhon was at large — Proudhon, who was supposed to have systematized burglary in half-a-dozen octavo volumes, each a jemmy to be had at

Garnier Frères — there was a general fur-bishing up of the social contract, and a production of anti-Proudhon property-preservers; all which from M. Thiers' clever volume down to countless thin, scrappy pamphlets, give Proudhon a prominent place in every large catalogue. From among his contemporaries one would have been apt to single out Proudhon as the likeliest of them all to be the founder of a new sect, for who had in ampler measure than this son of a Besançon artisan that unquenchable faith in himself, that thirst of strife and persuasive self-sufficiency which are the keystones of a new religious organization? If Jean Jacques had won disciples, what was in store for Paul Joseph, almost as eloquent and with a robust confidence in himself such as the former never had? And yet his doctrine, preached in and out of season, well-nigh perished with himself. No one has been found to expound it in its entirety. There was, indeed, a faithful friend at hand to indite the political testament of the dying Socialist, and to append it to his last work, the *Political Capacity of the Working Classes*. But he left no band of disciples; there is such a thing as Proudhonism, and there are no Proudhonists. He warred against authority all his life, and such as he are wont in their old age to be solaced by having round their chairs a little knot of admirers repeating the master's sayings with saccharine comment, and to be regaled by the incense of flattery and whiffs of praise. This is the partizan leader's comfort, and yet it was denied to Proudhon, who had fought as few partizans ever did. Nobody long sided with him heartily. He never sat purring in salons while literary or revolutionary ladies stroked his patriarchal fur. Against the rich capitalist, and the noble, and priest, and rulers of all sorts, he made open war, and yet the poor mistrusted or jeered at their strange and unsavoury ally. An economist himself, he had a feud against the whole tribe of economists. A journalist and *littérateur*, he tossed and gored his *confères*. More or less a martyr himself, he declares that, "next to persecutors, there is nothing I hate so much as martyrs;" and so not unnaturally, some will say, no crowd gathered round the old apostle. Of well-nigh all he was deserted. His power and energy considered, there are few lives that seem so tragically empty. A curse and a blight seemed to fall on all he did, and the curse, one would think, was this: — "Eloquent, yet not persuasive, thou shalt have foes many and bitter, and

few friends to lean upon; and everything turning to evil in thy hands, thy good seed shall be as the chaff of other men." Such was the lot, looked at from end to end, details and minor vicissitudes unnoted, of Paul Joseph Proudhon, and his biographer, if indeed it be not part of the curse that he shall never get a biographer worthy of him, must reconcile these contradictions, and, in the favourite phrase of Proudhon, lift us to that higher synthesis in which they are harmonized.

We do not pretend to be able to explain the whole matter; but obviously the root of much of this singularity lay in misapprehension, and consequently mistrust. He seemed to outsiders to tread on all men's toes, and this not by accident, but on some high and inscrutable principle. Those with whom he commonly fought — all those Socialists who had regarded the work of 1789 as quite incomplete, and the Revolution of 1848 as the opportunity for crowning the edifice — dreaded this strange auxiliary. They did not know what to make of this brawny athlete, who was given to falling on his friends as soon as he had routed the enemy, for, as a French critic observes, what Proudhon chiefly detested was his neighbour. They could understand Fourierism, and how the *phalanstère* was to be laid out; they saw daylight in Saint Simon, and, what is more, in the *Circulus*, Triad, and other poor stuff with which his disciples overlaid his doctrine; *L'Organisation du Travail* was simple as a song-book. It was only Proudhon, with his uncouth dialectical forms and appalling paradoxes, in doctrine and conduct, that there was no understanding; and so, while acknowledging that among the crowd of Socialists of the time, Fourier, Pierre Leroux, Babeuf, Louis Blanc, this man towered above all, they were forced, some of the best of them, to own that he was impracticable, and the frivolous among them to conclude that Proudhonism was another name for running a muck. And they had an excuse. There was the strange doctrine itself, Hegelianism mistranslated into French: "the hour of the universal equation," Proudhon said, was about to sound, and the multitude marvelled or smiled thereat. It also requires much philosophy to detect caresses beneath assiduous chastisement, and Proudhon was always — of course, in the cause of philanthropy — birching some of his friends. He might be logical in this, still his friends did not like it. Of the people, he was not with them, for did he not sometimes sneer at

all their favourite notions? Did he not criticize universal suffrage, co-operation, and all that they liked? And why his abuse and scorn of the other Socialist leaders? Did he not rail at Fourier as any grocer might? and then, when the enraptured grocer offered him the hand of fellowship, did he not scorn it, and insult, and spit upon every article in the grocer's creed? There was no trusting such a man. Out of the camp of Democracy with him, in spite of all his talk about the principles of 1789!

But we get but a glimpse of the man until we know his temperament. For our part, we figure Proudhon as a sort of Hecla. From amid wastes of statistics and metaphysics, bleak and cold as the snows that lie on Hecla, he keeps belching forth sulphureous flames and murky smoke. There is scarcely a pause in the torrent of fiery indignation. He is always in a towering passion; he has been so since a youth. Formerly they would have said, "This man has some sort of demon, — in fact, demons enough for many herds of swine." He snorts forth his anarchical syllogisms, and rejoicing in his controversial strength, he tramples under foot and makes riotous havoc of his foes. *Destruam et edificabo* is the proud motto he prefixes to his *Système*, and with what glee he sacks, or tries to sack, the domains of popular religion, politics, economics, and aesthetics! In that work there are passages touching the most sacred articles of the creed of the world which sound to us as a war-whoop or feast-song sung by cannibals dancing round their victim. Not even in Carlyle do we find such abundance of consuming, pitiless wrath. Why, one man against millions though he be, it is Proudhon that is the persecutor and tyrant, with his cruel words and hatred. And all this, which is a charm of Proudhon when one first gets his acquaintance, by and by makes him pall. Force, no doubt, there generally is in the genuine expression of a strong will and clear mind; but though Jeremiahs such as he was are not to be gathered under every hedge, Proudhon in hand we are sometimes reminded of Joubert's saying that "force is not energy," and occasionally we are disposed to think that Proudhon was varicose rather than muscular. No; the writer, as an artist, at all events, must not always be at the top of his speed, and this golden rule Proudhon somehow never mastered. Whilst the flow of your true artist is like the stately, measured march of an ample river, his is formed of a succession of cataracts

or rapids, along which the navigator or reader is painfully jolted. Proudhon is the most ardent and enthusiastic of socialists. Touching this trait of his character, there is a problem in spiritual mechanics which only a poet could solve; perhaps Browning alone is equal to the task. We greatly want a compressed biography of some of the irreligious or unreligious regenerators of our time, so as to make it clear how and why they have been so frequently apostolically zealous. We know how the religious enthusiast feeds and fans his ardour. It may be he has by night visions to comfort him. Perhaps by day angels minister to his wants with meat and drink which other men know not of. At any rate, before him are the open doors of heaven and the glories thereof, behind him the flaming doors of hell and the lamentations that come therefrom. Why should he, thus caressed and spurred, be a laggard? Strange, or almost so, if he were. But those unsaintly martyrs and devout heretics, those believers whom all Churches have anathematized, who have no heaven to fly to and no hell to fly from, to whom the present is all, and that present, with the sun quite taken out of the firmament, dull and miry; who see no inspiring visions, look for the advent of no Messiah or millennium, and whose motives, one would say, must be thin and feeble, even as their horizon is contracted and their ambition earthy — how and by what curious grafting find we such imperial flowers blooming on so mean a stem? We see on the one hand miserable motives, and on the other the splendid fruition of enterprise, and Joshuas, whom Israel never knew go forth with as much courage and confidence as did those who of old went up from Gilgal by night against the Amorites, and to whose leader the Lord said, — "Fear them not; I have delivered them into thy hand." Once or twice in an age no doubt chance will have it that bees hive in a carcass, and honey come therefrom; but how happens it that, to take the whole band of French Socialists of this century, they have been marked by indomitable and unselfish energy? We want a poet, and a poet who is also a thinker, to bridge the gulf that seems to sever this supernatural zeal from this hatred of supernaturalism, this immersion in the present from this wise and divine carelessness of the gains of to-day which we were taught was born only of "the sublime attractions of the grave;" so that we, wafted by the poet to their places, shall forswear with St. Simon riches and

social rank and embrace poverty, and with Owen shall devote an often tried ability to amass a fortune to carrying out, amid contumely and sneers, a project of philanthropy. Meantime, until that poet is forthcoming, we shall be content to put together some considerations partially explaining why Proudhon never slackened his hand. Think of him as come of a sturdy workman stock. The Proudhons were never known to budge. They were constitutionally sceptical, but sceptical without levity or immorality. From them he learned to be a hermit in society. They taught him to dispense with sympathy and to be heedless of the talk of the street-corner, or the café, or the journal. War with the authorities at Besançon revealed, if it did not educate, his native fierceness. In time he came to look upon opposition as his due. If it was not forthcoming, he greedily made it. And reading some of his vituperative pamphlets, and regarding the circumstances of their publication, we are tempted to think that they sprang from some such undercurrent of feeling as this: "They are becoming respectful to me; this must be stopped"; and so "bang, bang!" in among his old foes go the contents of his gun. Need we say that he accomplished his purpose? And think also of the system and principles which he professed; they help to explain his unflagging ardour. It can scarcely be doubted by one who examines his numerous works, and reflects on his scheme of social and political amendment, that with all its numerous gaps and errors, it exhibits far more mastery of practical difficulties than most of the many rival schemes. His *Guide to the Bourse* shows his knowledge of details, and his success in business is a proof of his capacity. Take the great socialistic works from Plato's *Republic* and compare them with Proudhon's; few, if any, are marked by such sagacity, breadth of view, regard to details, and so much enlightened appreciation of institutions unfavourable to his notions. And if all this is not acknowledged, it is probably because most have been scared away by his rough language, and have hastily and erroneously set him down as a mere bawling incendiary. If we are to sound this difficulty, we must not forget the egotism, the sublime egotism, of Proudhon. There is not perhaps in literary history another instance of such obtrusive, ponderous self-sufficiency. Rousseau, who thinks his meanest and dirtiest emotion worth bringing to market is an egotist; if Montaigne pared his nails

yesterday, down goes to-day the fact, for the admiration or meditation of all the ages to come; Cobbett is always drawing himself up to his full length, and bluntly saying that he, William Cobbett, of Botley Farm, is as good a man as the best of them. These and a thousand other men of letters were egotists. But we search biographies to little purpose for another instance of that proud imperturbable feeling which Proudhon displays that it is he against the world, and that the world has got no case, — a sectarian feeling that dis-senting humanity itself is a mere clique or faction, to be put down as one might some hooting urchin in the back benches. Whole classes, batches of respectables, are coolly sentenced to transportation or exile by this friendless autocrat. We shall cite an instance or two, though of course only the continuous perusal of his books would convey an adequate idea of this egotism. On the 11th of July, 1848, he presented to the Committee of Finance of the National Assembly a plan for taxing incomes. The nature of it is immaterial; enough that the payment of debts was to be postponed for three years. The reporter of the Committee, M. Thiers, announced that "The proposition of Citizen Proudhon is immoral, unjust, factious, full of malice, perfidy, and ignorance, anti-financial, anti-social, savage, extravagant, emanating from misanthropy, chagrin, and loneliness, an encouragement to informers and civil war, an assault upon property, and tending to the abolition of the family and atheism." And when Proudhon proceeded to unfold and defend his plan, the Assembly, not easily shocked by vagaries of theory, was so averse to the proposed jubilee, that it interrupted him with laughter and jeering, and cries of "To the *Moniteur* with his speech, to Charenton with the author," "Intolerable!" "It is all very clear, — your purse or your life." Modesty in these circumstances would have sat down discomfited; your mongrel egotist would have broken out in helpless scolding. But Proudhon's egotism was thorough-bred; and, seeing that the reporter had got hold of all the heaviest missiles within reach, he took down other weapons, — he became insultingly calm, and with a suavity that was luxurious insolence in the circumstances, he promised his six hundred and ninety-one raging opponents that he should be indulgent to them. Then, putting his whip, so to speak, in his pocket, he began, interruptions unnoted, to go through his demonstrations, and so show how signally

wrong the whole assembly was; and amid uproar he closed with a fine—a sublime—touch of egotism. Usury will never return; “I (Paul Joseph Proudhon) prohibit it.” Or shall we cite the sentences with which he drives away those who would steal from him his famous definition of property? This definition of property is mine, and all my ambition is to prove that I have comprehended its meaning and scope,—*Property is theft!* There are not uttered in a thousand years two sayings like that; I have no other possession on earth save this definition of property; but I hold it more precious than the millions of the Rothschilds, and I make bold to say that it will be the most considerable event of the government of Louis Philippe.” Or shall we cite an instance of the manner in which he is wont to deal with an opponent? Take his rejoinder to M. Michelet, a writer with whom he was disposed to sympathize; it is this:—“In five lines M. Michelet has exhibited a talent for being five times absurd.” We might quote other passages showing how he always took the wall; how he bullied his brother socialists when he talked of reform; and how he claimed to have displaced the axis of the universe, and to have made the earth turn from east to west. But perhaps the above quotations substantiate our assertions.

And this egotism was revealed in another way. Your self-sufficient man dispenses with services; and Proudhon ground his own philology, his own metaphysics, his own history, and sometimes, too, in perfect honesty, his own facts. He ran up a theory of the origin of languages, turned out a new exegesis of the *Æneid*, and mixed his own Hebrew, as easily as another might whittle a stick. What though it might be all at feud with scholarship! Was it not I, Paul Joseph Proudhon, that made it all? Yet partly pardon this egotism and truculence. He was intellectually lonely. Others might have intellectual domestics; he, at variance with his fellows, might not. It was necessary that he should be his own factotum. Others, too, might deal gently with an antagonist; they had auxiliaries and a reserve; he had none. And his loneliness and isolation shut up, or drew the blinds on, one window of knowledge after another. It is the fate, as it is the punishment, of the egotistical man that the avenues of knowledge are one by one closed, and that his “ego” is in time everything. This was Proudhon’s lot.

Though we have carefully avoided go-

ing at present into Proudhon’s system, an exception must be made with respect to his famous phrase. “Property is theft” seems to have as its supplement the doctrine that we are all thieves, or that we must hold all things in common. In reality the saying has of necessity nothing to do with either of these conclusions. That formula, according to himself too well known and too little understood, was a *machine de guerre* he owned. Property is indeed theft; again and again he emphatically repeats it; the last of the false gods, the hoary and wicked Jupiter, it is pernicious and doomed. But while property is theft, proprietors are not at heart thieves. Communism, on the other hand, would make the earth barren. Even of socialism he says that it is “void of ideas, powerless, immoral, and only fit to make dupes or rogues.” The proprietor is in Proudhon’s system to have the right of using, but not of abusing. He is to be paid only for labour, whereas he now is paid for gifts of nature or the labours of others. Savigny’s discrimination of property and possession was a novelty at the time; and Proudhon, applying the distinction not quite accurately, says that it is his wish that there should be possession, but not property. With all its limitations, especially those prefixed to it in late years, this doctrine, so harshly and forbiddingly announced, would recommend itself to some quiet citizens.

The truth is, he was weakly fond of paradoxes. He generally begins his discourse by clapping a pistol to the brains of his audience; as he proceeds, he fires at intervals a random volley of slugs into their midst. All this excites and keeps up attention. Your street crier gives a roll of the drum before he says his say: Proudhon shrieks *menteurs, lâches, voleurs*, and when a crowd gathers round him to learn what the uproar is about, he stops shrieking and takes to arguing. This was a weakness on which Bastiat had rallied him, and which he never got over. Though in his later works we think we can detect a more sparing indulgence in the vocabulary of abuse, he never altogether got rid of his little trick of discharging a blunderbuss into the midst of his friends. And yet though the phrase, “Property is theft,” is uniformly misunderstood, in singling it out and treasuring it up the popular instinct has judged rightly. On theft much learning and thought had made him mad. He found it everywhere. We can compare his kleptophobia only to Carlyle’s mania with respect to lies and

shams. The gambler stole; so did the lottery-keeper; the money-lender stole; the employer robbed his servants; rent was theft. Everywhere there reigned authorized thieving. Lift the cloak of the best, and you found that Cato was skulking out with a bag of gold, and was as great a rogue as the rest. And so general was the sin, that we cannot help thinking that Proudhon must have suspected himself of at least some kind of petty larceny. In his tract on the celebration of Sunday, he observes that Christ, in speaking of the Decalogue, kept silence with respect to the Eighth Commandment, "judging the hardness of the hearts of his audience to be too great to listen to the truth;" and he asks, "After eighteen centuries, are we worthy of hearing it?" And Proudhon, "mover of ideas," fiercest of philosophers, died with the conviction that we were not.

From The Economist.
PARIS AND FRANCE.

THE murders, the anarchy, and the massacre in Paris, have naturally brought to a focus that feeling of antagonism between the metropolis and the rural districts which every one of the last eighty years has more or less made clear to the minds of Frenchmen. One of the most curious specific differences between the French and Teutonic races seems to be this, that while the Teuton remains pretty nearly the same self-dependent, somewhat slow, being in great social masses that he is in comparative solitude, something like a real fermentation appears to take place in the nature of Frenchmen when associated in such masses, till the passions and vices and virtues of French society, as seen in great towns, become something positively distinct in kind from the passions and vices and virtues of Frenchmen sparsely scattered over the country. Lyons and Marseilles and Paris show Frenchmen in a form so far removed from that of the small proprietors and peasants of the departments, that there is nothing in what chemists call the "allotropic" states of the chemical elements, which can compare for a moment with the marvel of the transformation. The little French farmer or peasant-proprietor is a frugal, saving, timid, creature of quite exaggerated caution. In relation to the rights of property and the domestic duties, no one can be more tenacious or more conservative. He loves to see his

little savings increase, and loves to exercise the proprietary privileges and domestic authority which he enjoys. He is afraid of change and detests war. His love for national glory is feeble beside his love for local prosperity. He is one of the least adventurous of God's creatures, a being of as modest expectations, as far removed from vaulting ambition, as it is possible to conceive. He has of course his own little vanity, but it only induces him to make a world for himself in the sphere in which he is predominant, and which he never really desires to quit. Turn to the great cities of France, and especially to the metropolis, and everything seems reversed. The individuality of the Frenchman is almost absorbed into that of the society to which he belongs. Each man's vanity is magnified into the vanity of a great social organism,—every true Parisian, for instance, feeling as if Paris herself were in some sense incarnate in his own person. The tenacious sense of proprietorship and individual importance disappears; and in its place there grows a taste for socialism and a vivacity of municipal feeling that to our cold eyes seems scarcely credible and even hardly sane. Look at the fury which the hesitation of the Assembly to remove to Paris has produced in the breasts of shopkeepers who, as shopkeepers, were probably never guilty of running a needless risk in their lives, but who, as Parisians, have risked gain, and order, and life itself to avenge the supposed insult which Paris has suffered. In the place of extreme caution appears rashness; in the place of eager acquisitiveness the most reckless spirit of destruction. It is literally true that no fermentation, no organic process known in nature, causes a change so startling as continued association with other Frenchman in an active, keenwitted society seems to cause to the limited and conservative nature of a French peasant. He becomes quick, witty, aggressive, *exigeant*, rash, from being slow, dull, timid, humble, cautious to an extreme. His politics change their hue, and become impulsive, offensive, dictatorial. A Marseillaise, or Lyonnese, or a Parisian, is more certain by far to be politically abhorrent to the French peasantry than a Londoner or a Berliner would be in his place. Strict association in large multitudes makes a newer being of the Frenchman than of the members of any other European race. The chasm between the people of the great cities of France and the people of the departments is so great as to cause a terrible political danger at all times; and in times like these,

when dangerous stimulants have been administered both to the conservative and to the anarchical passions of Frenchmen, the chasm is, naturally enough, wider and more threatening than ever. No one can doubt that the Assembly at Versailles is more completely out of harmony with the rebel Committee in Paris than it would be with our own Parliament, or with the Parliament of Holland or Sweden. Is it possible that such a danger can endure without prolonged anarchy? Is there no remedy which might really prove, if not final, at least radical?

The obvious answer is that if the Parliament of France would govern France, it must remove from Paris, where the local influence is so powerful and is used to override the instructions with which the country deputies are charged. Just as in some federated States (though Switzerland is not amongst the number) it seems to be found desirable to place the capital in a comparatively insignificant place, like Washington or Ottawa, in order to avoid the jealousies which local influence would otherwise cause, — so in France, which must be considered for the future a kind of confederation between city and country, it may well seem desirable to remove the seat of Government from the overweening influence exercised over it by the restless genius of the metropolis. And it is perhaps just conceivable that after this massacre and anarchy some such change might be possible. The country is by this time probably more fanatically anti-Parisian than at any time since June, 1848, if not even more than it was then. If ever this feeling is to rise into a spasm of fear and hatred, it will probably be now. And if the country could really resolve on so audacious a step, it is hardly to be doubted that the soldiers, who are recruited from the country, might be sufficiently loyal to the country to use their weapons freely for the reduction and conquest of Paris, while the Assembly adjourned to some little town where there would be no dread of overbearing influence. Persuade the small landed proprietors of France that the only chance for the safety of their proprietary rights is to protect the Assembly from the influence of Paris, and to render Paris unable to attack the Assembly, and there would at all events be a great — we do not say a successful — effort made in the course of the next few days to throw off absolutely the magic spell of Paris, and to make her feel for the future her strict political subordination to France. But the effort might well fail. What marvellous

power Paris exercises over the rural districts is visible enough in the history of these few last days, when the soldiers — who are drawn from the country — have refused even to avenge the unprovoked murder of two of their Generals, and have reversed their arms on the first collision with the Paris mob. But besides this deep-rooted traditional feeling for Paris, which Frenchmen have so long identified with France in French history, there is the natural and intense eagerness of French deputies to live in the very centre of public life and popular amusement, and the clear knowledge that this can be managed only at the place where for centuries society has been organizing itself so as to obtain these ends. Then there is the fact that the administrative machinery all centres in Paris, and that the railway lines all converge there. The very deep conservatism of the French rural districts will operate, too, against making any serious change such as would shock the national imagination, and it can hardly be doubted that to insist on permanently de-metropolizing Paris *would* shock the national imagination. However bad are the politics of Paris, all France feels a certain pride in the exciting traditions of Paris, and would feel that to give the go-by to Paris would be practically to lose one great stimulus of life and that part of a Frenchman's inheritance, on which he is at least as apt to pride himself as a mother on her own complete incompetence to tame the high spirit of her son.

Indeed, it seems not unlikely that the Assembly will produce no man equal to organizing the military reduction of Paris, and its efficient Government from another centre; while, if such a man there be, the chance is very great indeed that he could govern and keep down Paris even better from inside than from outside. The enterprise of abandoning Paris, and of suppressing with a strong hand the discontent which that would cause, is evidently quite beyond M. Thiers' strength; and if a ruler can be found to undertake it, it is very likely that he would prefer instead to undertake the solution of the problem how to govern the country from within Paris, though without conceding too much to the violent influences of Parisian politicians. As it is, Paris is plainly a political volcano, from which every few years or so come fire and ashes and destruction for the neighbouring regions of France; and unless these periodic eruptions can be finally suppressed, the *safest* measure for the French Assembly would be, of course, to

remove to some spot beyond the reach of the lava and ashes. Whether, however, the safest measure be a possible measure, — whether Paris would not attract the Government to herself with a force of quite irresistible magnitude, — we do not pretend to decide. If it be not so, we very much fear that the conditions of a real political equilibrium in France not only do not, but cannot exist.

From The Examiner.

THE CONDITION OF TURKEY.

THE Conference for the consideration of the Black Sea question has ended, and the neutralization of the Black Sea has ended with it. We need not here consider how the abrogation of a principal, if not the principal, stipulation of the Treaty of Paris was brought about, or whether the best possible guarantees for the security of Turkey have been substituted for those which Russia found so unendurable, but to whose maintenance Turkey, through the mouth of Musurus Pasha, declared that it attached "great value." It certainly seems a little ingenuous to suppose that the power accorded to the fleets of Russia under the new arrangements, of transporting their broadsides within thirty-six hours from the re-established arsenals of Sebastopol to the waters of the Golden Horn, is of a nature to be compensated by the permission granted to Turkey of opening the Dardanelles to distant or unprepared allies. The decisive moves of the game might well be lost and won before a single British ship of war from Portsmouth or from Malta had sighted the Dardanelles, even if it were good policy to send one. It is probable, however, that the Government did the best that could be done under the circumstances. It is certain, even supposing, as seems likely, that the results of the Conference involve a certain precipitation of the downfall of Turkey, in Europe at least, that whatever has been done can at most only have the effect of hastening what was in any case inevitable.

It is now four centuries since the race of the Osmanli exchanged the tent of the desert for the castle of the Seven Towers. Their long invincibility might have been reckoned upon to root them in the soil they had conquered. But every advantage or opportunity has proved unavailing before the inherent vices of their character or system. The Turks of to-day hardly

reach the total of two millions between the southern boundaries of Austro-Hungary and the northern boundaries of Greece. Even with the reinforcement of the intractable Albanians — the only other considerable body of Mussulmans within the European dominions of the Sultan — the total population that can be interested in maintaining the supremacy of the Koran is equalled, if not exceeded, by the single tributary State of Roumania. It is greatly outnumbered by the Slave races, whose chief seats are in the vassal principality of Servia and the provinces of Croatia, Bosnia, and the Herzegovina, without being confined, however, to these. Taking the sum of the inhabitants of European Turkey as fifteen millions, it would be unwise to class more than four millions as Mohammedans. Indeed, the different nationalities of the heterogeneous community may be stated with tolerable exactness as follows: Slaves, 6,000,000; Roumanians, 4,000,000; Ottomans, 2,000,000; Albanians, 1,500,000; Greeks, 1,000,000; Arminians, 300,000; Sub-races, 200,000. These figures imply the extinction of Turkism on the continent of Europe.

It is true that in Asiatic Turkey the proportions of Mussulmans and Christians are reversed, while in Egypt the name of Christian may be described as unknown. But barbarous tribes and distant dependencies cannot be conceived to counterbalance Christian superiority in the north of the Empire. There was a time, indeed, when the Arabs of the waste and the Bashi Bazouks of Lesser Asia might have been expected to crush an insurrection in the Balkan. That was when undisciplined fury and the Saracenic scimitar were real terrors. In these days of arms of marvellous precision and rapidity of fire, ten thousand raving Delhis might be of as little moment against determined hearts such as Kara George commanded in 1801, as the Algerian ghoums that charged and died around the squares of France at Isly. The ruler of Egypt might, indeed, send some few thousand regulars. He sent them to Crete — for a consideration. In the absence of a consideration, the zeal of the Khedive for his liege lord and master is too well known to be dilated upon. The Porte cannot count even upon the Bedouin to-day. The Wahabee has arisen to confront the Sunni, and the Arab revolt in Yemen — his Highness the Khedive's interest in which may shortly appear — threatens to give the *coup de grace* to the finances of the Empire.

The question of finance alone, indeed,

suffices to reveal the desperate situation of the most ill-assorted and worst-managed State. Who can enumerate the successive loans by which the Turkish financiers have endeavoured to bolster up the dilapidated concern? A loan in 1854 on the security of the tribute of Egypt. A loan in 1855 on the security of the balance of the tribute of Egypt and the customs of Syria. A loan in 1858 on the security of the customs and octrois of Constantinople. A loan in 1860 on the security of the customs and general revenues of the Empire. A loan in 1862 on the security of the tobacco, salt, stamp, and license duties, and also the general revenues of the Empire. A loan in 1863 on the security of the Imperial customs and tithes. A loan in 1865 on the security of the sheep-tax in Roumelia and the Archipelago, and the produce of the mines of Tokat. A loan in 1866. A loan in 1867. A loan in 1869. A loan in 1870. And now there is to be another loan, if anybody is found rash enough to lend Turkey any more. Probably this loan will be on the security of the bracelets and bangles of the Seraglio. At least, we cannot guess at any other things of value that are left unpledged on highland or lowland, continent or main. There may be a lien on them, too, for aught we know. It is true that the Budget Committee, which has been sitting for the past twelve months under the presidency of Kiamil Pasha, promises us that the deficit this year will only amount to 2,500,000*l.*, instead of the 3,000,000*l.* of previous years, or the 5,000,000*l.* that was expected. It is doubtful, however, whether even this flattering state of affairs will much help the forthcoming request for another loan. It may even be suspected — Turkish financiers are not immaculate — that the project of a loan has influenced the calculations of the Budget Committee, and that, when things have been made smooth with the capitalists of Europe, it may happen that the deficit will be found not to fall so far short of the anticipated 5,000,000*l.* "To give anything like a trustworthy balance-sheet of the Ottoman treasury," says Mr. Henry Page Turner Barron, First Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople, "is an impossibility. It is very doubtful whether the elements exist to enable the minister himself to produce such a document. . . . Next to the maintenance of peace, the first condition of solvency for the Turkish Treasury is a total abstinence from future loans." But Turkish statesmen must have loans, and more loans. The catastrophe of the

Turkish Empire is equally certain whether an increase of debt is avoided, and the governmental machine breaks down for want of the supply that borrowed capital can give; or, on the other hand, whether debt is increased and the revenues of the State, already almost eaten up from this cause, disappear altogether in the payment of interest to the foreign creditor.

Where a *soi-disant* governing race breaks down so hopelessly in numbers and organization, the conclusion is obvious. In Turkey the movement has long since set in which tends to substitute a confederation of Christian nationalities for the effete despotism of the Vicar of Mahomet. Were no interference save that of Turkey to be dreaded, the allied nations of the Balkan and the Lower Danube would, in union with a Hellas extended to its natural limits, complete an Eastern State-system that certainly would not want some elements of stability.

A glance at the contemporary position of the model community of Servia, which feels the burthen of not one penny of public debt, will show how rapid and decided are the advances towards gathering together the kindred populations which the cunning policy of the Porte has so long kept asunder. Surrounded on all sides by races Slave in origin or language, *débris* like it of the great Servian Empire founded in the fourteenth century by the Tzar Douchan the Strong, it may be regarded as the centre of that Servian Fatherland which comprises, besides the Principality properly so-called, Bosnia, the Herzegovina and Montenegro in Turkey, together with Dalmatia, Slavonia, Sirmia and a portion of the Banat in Austro-Hungary. The Servian country (Serbia) is itself the centre of the Iougo-Slaves or Slaves of the South, whose extended race touches on the Adriatic through Croatia, and on the Black Sea through Bulgaria. It may be conjectured from this that the movement of unification among the Southern Slaves will yet extend beyond the limits of our present subject. It is sufficient, at present, to know that it has extended almost to its widest possible range in Turkey. For months past the *Vidovdan* and *Jedinstwo*, the official organs of the Servian Government, have familiarized us with the demand for the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, on the avowed ground of re-establishing the Servian dominion in its ethnographical limits. A Viennese authority has pointed out that the cession of these provinces would mean to the Porte complete and final isolation from friendly

Austria, as well as loss of that considerable body of Bosnian nobles whose fanatic devotion to Islam has so often stood Turkey in good stead. On the other hand, the *Vidovdan* of the 15th of February explicitly announced that the demands of Serbia will be peacefully conceded. It is certain that if the concession is not peaceable, only one result is to be looked for from that thorough organization of the Servian forces, horse, foot, and artillery, that vast accumulation of munitions, provisions, and provender, which has lately engrossed the attention of the Servian Ministry of War. The part which Montenegro will play requires small speculation to discover. Russian newspapers are usually well-informed about the Christian nationalities of Turkey. And the *Golos* recounts with triumphant satisfaction that at the late assemblage of the leading warriors of the Black Mountain, on the occasion of the introduction of the Prusso-Russian military system, the Prince Nicolas laid stress upon the coming war against "the enemies of our holy cross and holy freedom" as a reason for the most exact discipline and the most thorough obedience. Some may be tempted to smile at the menaces of a State of 150,000 souls. But the country or district which can at a moment's notice place in the field 20,000 indomitable champions whose backs no equal foes ever beheld, where the very women and children might be depended on for the most desperate resistance, is an opponent which Turkey at least will not find to be contemptible.

In Bulgaria, religious independence, as so often happens, is the precursor of political changes. The Bulgarians have insisted, and successfully insisted, upon the emancipation of their church from the interference of the Fanariote Patriarch of Constantinople, proverbially the creature of Mahometan intrigue. The Macedonians have sought to be united to the success of Bulgaria. The ominous conjuncture has been for the present prevented by the fears of the Porte. But the his-

tory of Turkish weakness is the history of ultimate compliance. Nor will the bulwarks of Schumla and Silistria long suffice against the irresistible tide of events.

It is unnecessary to say that Roumania is practically sovereign. Unfortunately, her sovereignty is embarrassed by party conflicts and a load of debt. Worked by Russian gold, directed by a Prussian prince, she is, as Wallachia and Moldavia have ever been, the open gate to foreign intervention. The well known desire of her Hohenzollern ruler to substitute the absolutism of Berlin for the present democratic constitution, the threatening language of Count Bismarck in reference to the Strousberg affair, the whispered concurrence of the Government of the Czar in the German designs, or, perhaps it ought to be, the concurrence of the German Government in the designs of the Czar,—all these are matters which call for the closest attention from the statesmen of the West. The distracted condition of the Danubian Principalities is the most conspicuous obstacle to the formation of that independent State-system which otherwise might take the place of the vanishing Moslem and unobtrusively solve the Eastern difficulty. Russia is bent upon the conquest or possession of the old City of Constantine. Roumania is the finest field for a diplomacy which must, above all things, seek to prevent the present tendencies of the Christian nationalities from consolidating themselves. It should seem, for opposite reasons, to deserve the care of a diplomacy interested in discountenancing the policy of St. Petersburg.

We have as briefly as possible sketched the actual position in European Turkey. We need not apply the conclusions. The sick man is failing faster and more fast. Perhaps he has lingered too long already. One artificial aid to vitality has just been removed. He will shortly give up the ghost—"and none will say, God bless him."

WHEN a new state or settlement is planted by our race, one of its first necessities seems to be a history; and the more ancient that history can be made the better. The Minnesota Historical Society has already reached its third volume of collections; this includes narratives of the old French explorers, and accounts of missions

among Indians now expatriated or extinct. For them history has been made. In connexion with this we may mention that family histories still grow in the States. We have those of Fowler, Root and Roots. The latter is well called a genealogical tree.

Athenæum.